

Grandet del.

A. Walker Sculp.

THE
C H A C E.
A
P O E M.

By WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq. K

Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema.

VIRG. GEORG. III.

*Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque, et membris.*

HOR. EP. XVIII. Lib. I.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. BOWYER, W. STRAHAN,
and R. BALDWIN, MDCCLXXIII.

44

25

7

600



T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE old and infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recal to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their past pleasures, with a satisfaction almost equal to the first enjoyment. For those ideas, to which any agreeable sensation is annexed, are easily excited; as leaving behind the most strong and permanent impressions. The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and supposed their heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same diversions they exercised on earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accustomed sports and gayeties of life.

*Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,
 Contendunt ludo, et fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
 Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.
 Arma procul currusque virum miratur inanes.*

*Stant terrâ defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repôstos.*

VIRG. Æneid. VI.

Part on the grassy cirque their pliant limbs
In wrestling exercise, or on the sands
Struggling dispute the prize. Part lead the ring,
Or swell the chorus with alternate lays.
The chief their arms admires, their empty cars,
Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharnes'd steeds
Graze unrestrain'd; horses, and cars, and arms,
All the same fond desires, and pleasing cares,
Still haunt their shades, and after death survive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and censorious part of mankind) if at my leisure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, some of those chaces, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amusement. The result of these rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which if equally diverting to my readers, as to myself, I shall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with so many descriptions and digressions in the Georgick manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure
they

P R E F A C E.

v

they are very necessary to be well understood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble sport in full perfection. In this at least I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their patience more than MARKHAM, BLOME, and the other prose writers upon this subject.

IT is most certain, that hunting was the exercise of the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themselves for war; and their exploits against wild beasts were a prelude to their other victories. XENOPHON says, that almost all the ancient heroes, NESTOR, THESEUS, CASTOR, POLLUX, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, ACHILLES, &c. were Μαθηταὶ Κυνηγεσιῶν, disciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military discipline. XEN. CYNETIC. And PLINY observes, those who were designed for great captains, were first taught *certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu*: to contest with the swiftest wild beasts, in speed; with the boldest, in strength; with the most cunning, in craft and subtilty. PLIN. PANEGYR. And the ROMAN emperors, in

those monuments they erected to transmit their actions to future ages, made no scruple to join the glories of the chase to their most celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do justice to this heroick exercise. Beside that of OPPIAN in GREEK, we have several poems in LATIN upon hunting. GRATIUS was contemporary with OVID; as appears by this verse,

Aptaque venanti GRATIUS arma dabit.

LIB. IV. PONT.

GRATIUS shall arm the huntsman for the chase.

But of his works only some fragments remain. There are many others of more modern Date. Amongst these NEMESIANUS, who seems very much superior to GRATIUS, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his first book is preserved. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by VIRGIL in his third Georgick, since it is expressly part of his subject. But he has favoured us only with ten verses; and what he says of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and mastiffs.

Veloces

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossū.

GEORG. III.

The greyhound swift, and mastiff's furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. *Pasce sero pingui.* He has, it is true, touched upon the Chace in the 4th and 7th books of the *Æneid*. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in these latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well-disciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they must have passed for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster-roll given us by OVID, in his story of ACTÆON, is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de MONTFAUCON taken from the Sepulchre of the NASOS, and the Arch of CONSTANTINE, has not the least trace of the manner now in use.

WHENEVER the ancients mention dogs followed by the scent, they mean no more than

finding out the game by the nose of one single dog. This was as much as they knew of the *odora canum vis*. Thus NEMESIANUS says,

*Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant.*

They challenge on the mead the recent stains,
And trail the hare unto her secret form.

OPPIAN has a long description of these dogs in his first book, from *ver.* 479 to 526. And here, though he seems to describe the hunting of the hare by the scent through many turnings and windings; yet he really says no more, than that one of those hounds, which he calls *ἰχθυήνες*, finds out the game. For he follows the scent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by sight. I am indebted for these two last remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whose judgment in the *belles lettres* nobody disputes, and whose approbation gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

OPPIAN also observes, that the best sort of these finders were brought from BRITAIN;
this

this island having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the best breed of hounds, for persons the best skilled in the art of hunting, and for horses the most enduring to follow the chace. It is therefore strange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, essay, will shew the world they have at least some taste for poetry.

THE ancients esteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous GALEN recommends it above all others as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well-skilled in human nature. *Lib. de parvæ pile exercitio.*

THE gentlemen, who are fond of a gingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly

x P R E F A C E.

truly musical but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they be pleased to read over the short preface before the PARADISE LOST, Mr. SMITH's poem in memory of his friend Mr. JOHN PHILIPS, and the Archbishop of CAMBRAY's letter to Monsieur FONTENELLE, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of MILTON, PHILIPS, THOMSON, and all our best tragick writers.

SOME few terms of art are dispersed here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the criticks will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

BUT I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion as he may find in the poem itself.

*En age, segnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique*

P R E F A C E: xi

*Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.*

VIRG. Georg. III.

Hark, away,
Cast far behind the lingering cares of life.
CITHÆRON calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy hounds, TAYGETUS. EPIDAUROS trains
For us the gen'rous steed; the hunter's shouts,
And chearing cries, assenting woods return.



T O

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

ON HIS POEM CALLED

T H E C H A C E.

WHILE you, Sir, gain the steep ascent to
fame,

And honours due to deathless merit claim ;
To a weak Muse a kind indulgence lend,
Fond with just praise your labours to commend, }
And tell the world, that SOMERVILE's her friend. }
Her incense guiltless of the forms of art
Breathes all the huntsman's honesty of heart ;
Whose fancy still the pleasing scene retains
Of EDRIC's villa and ARDENNA's plains :
Joys, which from change superior charms receiv'd,
The horn hoarse sounding by the lyre reliev'd :
When the day crown'd with rural chaste delight,
Resigns obsequious to the festive night ;
The festive night awakes th' harmonious lay,
And in sweet verse recounts the triumphs of the day.

STRANGE !

STRANGE! that the BRITISH Muse should
leave so long,

The Chace, the sport of BRITAIN's kings, unsung!
Distinguish'd land! by Heav'n indulg'd to breed
The stout, sagacious hound, and gen'rous steed;
In vain! while yet no bard adorn'd our isle,
To celebrate the glorious sylvan toil.

For this what darling son shall feel thy fire,
God of th' unerring bow, and tuneful lyre?

Our vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal throng,
SOMERVILE meditates th' advent'rous song.

Bold to attempt, and happy to excell,

His num'rous verse the huntsman's art shall tell.

From him, ye BRITISH youths, a vig'rous race,
Imbibe the various science of the chace;

And while the well-plann'd system you admire,

Know BRUNSWICK only could the work inspire:

A Georgick Muse awaits AUGUSTAN days,

And SOMERVILES will sing, when FREDERICKS
give the bays.

JOHN NIXON.

T O T H E
A U T H O R
O F
T H E C H A C E.

ONCE more, my friend, I touch the trembling lyre,

And in my bosom feel poetic fire.

For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,

To pay my humble tribute to thy lays.

What, tho' I daily turn each learned sage,

And labour through the unenlighten'd page :

Wak'd by thy lines, the borrow'd flames I feel,

As flints give fire when aided by the steel.

Tho' in sulphureous clouds of smoke confin'd,

Thy rural scenes spring fresh into my mind.

Thy genius in such colours paints the chace,

The real to fictitious joys give place.

When the wild musick charms my ravish'd ear,

How dull, how tasteless HANDEL's notes appear !

Ev'n FARENELLI's self the palm resigns,

He yields—but to the musick of thy lines.

If friends to poetry can yet be found ;
 Who without blushing sense prefer to sound ;
 Then let this soft, this soul-enfeebling band,
 These warbling minstrels quit the beggar'd land.
 They but a momentary joy impart,
 'Tis you, who touch the soul, and warm the heart.
 How tempting do thy sylvan sports appear !
 Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchsafe an ear,
 Might her fond lust of pow'r a while compose,
 And gladly change it for thy sweet repose.
 No fierce, unruly senates, threaten here,
 No axe, no scaffold, to the view appear,
 No envy, disappointment and despair. }
 Here, blest vicissitude, whene'er you please,
 You step from exercise to learned ease :
 Turn o'er each classic page, each beauty trace,
 The mind unwearied in the pleasing chace.
 Oh ! would kind Heav'n such happiness bestow,
 Let fools, let knaves, be masters here below.
 Grandeur and place, those baits to catch the wise,
 And all their pageant train, I pity and despise.

J. TRACY.

[vi]

The ARGUMENT of the First Book.

THE subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the NORMANS. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chase. Description of a perfect hound. Of fixing and sorting of hounds, the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouth'd hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of ENGLAND and SCOTLAND. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE
C H A C E.

A
P O E M.

THE CHACE I sing, Hounds, and their
various breed,

And no less various use. O thou Great Prince!
Whom CAMBRIA's tow'ring hills proclaim their
lord,

Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.

While grateful citizens with pompous shew, 5

Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits

Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave

Thy way with flow'rs, and, as the Royal Youth

Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;

While crowded theatres, too fondly proud 10

Of their exotick minstrels, and shrill pipes,

B

The

The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft-warbling; my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the sport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse 15
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth! 20
And if in future times, some envious prince,
Careless of right and guileful, shou'd invade
Thy BRITAIN's commerce, or shou'd strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy hunter-train, in chearful green array'd, 25
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy passage thro' th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame; inspir'd by thee
The nobler chace of glory shall pursue 30
Thro' fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of death.

NATURE,

NATURE, in her productions flow, aspires
 By just degrees to reach Perfection's height :
 So mimick Art works leifurely, till Time
 Improve the piece, or wife Experience give 35
 The proper finishing. When NIMROD bold,
 That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
 And stain'd the wood-land green with purple dye,
 New, and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art ;
 No stated rule, his wanton will his guide. 40
 With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,
 He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude
 Untrain'd ; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
 Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
 And scow'r the plains below ; the trembling herd 45
 Start at th' unusual sound, and clam'rous shout
 Unheard before ; surpriz'd alas ! to find
 Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their lord,
 But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
 Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain 50

Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood :
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound ; at last
Incumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their shoulders broad, the bleeding prey. 55
Part on their altars smokes a sacrifice
To that all-gracious Pow'r, whose bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation ; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts 60
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong necessity, thus first began
The chace of beasts : tho' bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
Unequal to sustain man's lab'ring race, 65
*Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food. So just is Heav'n,
To give us in proportion to our wants.

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

OR chance or industry in after-times
Some few improvements made, but short as yet 70
Of due perfection. In this isle remote
Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor skill'd nor studious ; till from NEUSTRIA'S
coasts

VICTORIOUS WILLIAM, to more decent rules 75
Subdu'd our SAXON fathers, taught to speak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
His list'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join 80
In bloody social leagues, the multitude
Dispers'd, to sive, to sort their various tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

HAIL, happy BRITAIN ! highly favour'd isle,
And Heav'n's peculiar care ! To thee 'tis giv'n 85

To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
 Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
 That bore the great PELIDES thro' the press
 Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;
 Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins 90
 Cheerful his course; and ere his beams decline,
 Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigued.
 In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
 Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
 As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes 95
 Their virtue fails, a weak degen'rate race.
 In vain malignant steams, and winter fogs
 Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts,
 The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
 Defies the noxious vapour, and confides 100
 In this delightful exercise, to raise
 His drooping herd and cheer his heart with joy.

YE vig'rous youths, by smiling Fortune blest
 With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,

Heap'd

Heap'd copious by your wise fore-fathers care, 105
 Hear and attend ! while I the means reveal
 T'enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
 Too costly for the poor : To rein the steed
 Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to chear the pack
 Op'ning in consorts of harmonious joy, 110
 But breathing death. What tho' the gripe severe
 Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease
 Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve unstrung,
 Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
 Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts 115
 Of angry Jove ; tho' blasted, yet unfallen ;
 Still can my soul in Fancy's mirrour view
 Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous scene
 In all its splendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl
 Recount my triumphs past, urge others on 120
 With hand and voice, and point the winding way :
 Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
 The poor disbanded vet'ran's sole delight.

FIRST let the Kennel be the huntsman's care,
Upon some little eminence erect, 125
And fronting to the ruddy dawn ; its courts
On either hand wide op'ning to receive
The sun's all-chearing beams, when mild he shines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch,
And bask, in his invigorating ray : 131
Warn'd by the streaming light, and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan ; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone 135
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light ! if chance
Some envious cloud veil they refulgent brow,
In vain the muses aid, untouch'd, unstrung, 140
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd lay.

k I.

e, H

125

T

T

nes,

back

etch,

131

k,

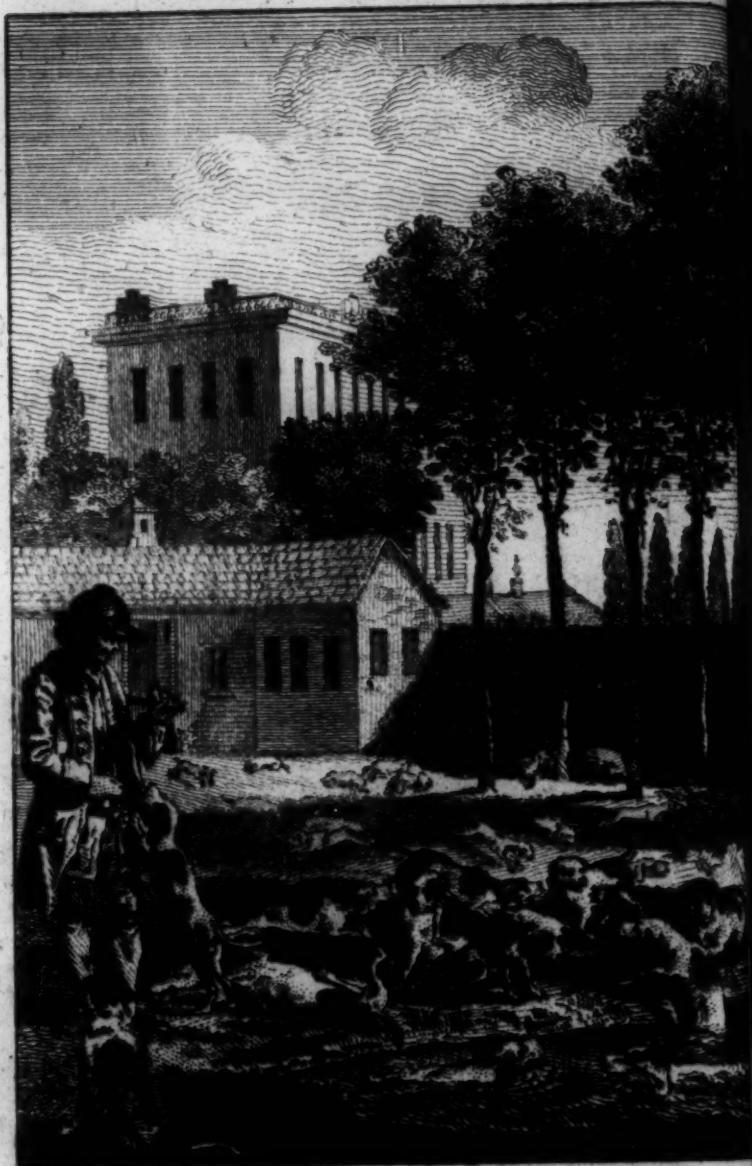
s

135

nce

140

LET



A. Walker del. et Sculp.

LET no CORINTHIAN pillars prop the dome,
 A vain expence, on charitable deeds
 Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch, 145
 Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor
 Pinch'd with afflictive want : For use, not state,
 Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
 O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
 Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones,
 To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust 151
 That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope,
 And all his future triumphs must depend.
 Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
 Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve, 155
 From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
 To wash thy court well pav'd, nor spare thy pains,
 For much to health will cleanliness avail.
 Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
 And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent 160
 O'er greasy fallows, and frequented roads

Can

Can pick the dubious way ? Banish far off
Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit
The nitrous air, and purifying breeze. 165

WATER and shade no less demand thy care :
In a large square th' adjacent field inclose,
There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,
Or fragrant lime ; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court, 170
A large canal fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Downward thy structure and inverted grove.
Here when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack, 175
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails, to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribe ; soon shalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive :

Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream, 180
 There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy
 Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
 55 From shore to shore they swim, while clamour, cloud
 And wild uproar torments the troubled flood :
 Then on the sunny band they roll and stretch 185
 Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
 Courfing around, pursuing and pursu'd,
 The merry multitude disporting play.

BUT here with watchful and observant eye,
 Attend their frolicks, which too often end 190
 In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
 Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
 Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,
 And quench their kindling rage ; for oft in sport
 Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl, 195
 Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
 Each other's throats, with teeth, and claws, in gore
 Besmear'd,

Besmeared, they wound, they tear, till on the
ground,

Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies :

Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd 200

Loud-clam'ring seize the helpless worried wretch,

And thirsting for his blood, drag diff'rent ways

His mangled carcass on th' ensanguin'd plain.

O breasts of pity void ! t' oppress the weak,

To point your vengeance at the friendless head, 205

And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n !

Emblem too just of man's degen'rate race.

OTHERS apart by native instinct led,

Knowing instructor ! 'mong the ranker grass

Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice 210

Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay

Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine

Of Providence, beneficent and kind

To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes

Book I. THE CHACE.

13

A ready remedy, and is himself 215
Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,
And many a painful chace, the wise old hound,
Regardless of the frolick pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade ; there many a ring 220
Runs o'er in dreams ; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his speed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey :
And in imperfect whim'p'rings speaks his joy. 225

A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chace
Select with judgment ; nor the tim'rous hare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murd'rous, coursing crew ; intent
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just
Heav'n ! 230

And all their painful drudgeries repay

With

With disappointment and severe remorse.
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play : by nature led
A thousand shifts she tries ; t' unravel these 23
Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail.
Thro' all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with count'nance
blithe,

And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening nose 24
Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy ;
His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints ; his ears and legs 24
Fleck't here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
Rival the speckled pard ; his rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch ;
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands ;

His round cat foot, strait hams, and wide-spread
thighs, 250

And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,

His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,

Or far-extended plain; in ev'ry part

So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill

Of PHIDIAS himself can't blame thy choice. 255

Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean

Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size

Gigantick; he in the thick-woven covert

Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake

Torn and embarrass'd bleeds: But if too small, 260

The pigmy brood in ev'ry furrow swims;

Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag

Behind inglorious; or else shivering creep

Benumb'd and faint beneath the shelt'ring thorn.

For hounds of middle size, active and strong, 265

Will better answer all thy various ends,

And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

As

As some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move 270
Step after step, their size the same, their arms
Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how just! And all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve. 275
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy gen'rous soul, and the world's just applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of diff'rent kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line 280
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if the harmonious thunder of the field 284
Delight thy ravish'd ears; the deep-slew'd hound
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;

Whose

I. BOOK I. THE CHACE 17

Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round
head

Shall sweep the morning dew; whose clanging
voice

Awake the mountain echo in her cell,

And shake the forests: The bold Talbot kind 290

Of these the prime, as white as ALPINE SNOWS;

And great their use of old. Upon the banks

Of TWEED, slow winding thro' the vale, the seat

Of war and rapine once, ere BRITONS knew

The sweets of peace, or ANNA'S dread com-
mands 295

To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,

There dwelt a pilf'ring race; well-train'd and
skill'd

In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil

Their only substance, feuds and war their sport:

Not more expert in ev'ry fraudulent art 300

Th'

Th' arch * felon was of old, who by the tail
 Drew back his lowing prize : In vain his wiles,
 In vain the shelter of the cov'ring rock,
 In vain the footy cloud, and ruddy flames
 That issu'd from his mouth ; for soon he paid 305
 His forfeit life : A debt how justly due
 To wrong'd ALCIDES, and avenging Heav'n !
 Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
 Then prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
 Becomes their prey ; nor flocks nor herds are
 safe, 310
 Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong barr'd doors
 Secure the fav'rite horse. Soon as the morn
 Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
 The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
 A thousand thronging curses burst their way : 315
 He calls his stout allies, and in a line
 His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers :

Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail

Flourish'd in air, low-bending plies around 320

His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs

Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,

Till conscious of the recent stains, his heart

Beats quick ; his snuffing nose, his active tail

Attest his joy ; then with deep op'ning mouth, 325

That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims

Th' audacious felon ; foot by foot he marks

His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd

Applaud his reaf'nings. O'er the wat'ry ford,

Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills, 330

O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,

Unerring he pursues ; till at the cot

Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat

The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey :

So exquisitely delicate his sense ! 335

SHOU'D some more curious sportsman here en-
quire,

Whence this sagacity, this wond'rous pow'r
Of tracing step by step, or man or brute?
What guide invisible points out their way, 339
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?
The courteous Muse shall the dark cause reveal.
The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here and there
In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the serous particles evade 345
Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by th' incumbent atmosphere compress'd.
The panting chace grows warmer as he flies, 350
And thro' the net-work of the skin perspires;
Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless

By

By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarified
 By the meridian sun's intenser heat. 355
 To ev'ry shrub the warm effluvia cling,
 Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies,
 With nostrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale
 The vig'rous hounds pursue, with ev'ry breath
 Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting 360
 Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks
 repay,
 And in triumphant melody confess
 The titillating joy. Thus on the air
 Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
 At eve forebode a blust'ring stormy day, 365
 Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
 When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
 Of the dry parching east, menace the trees
 With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
 Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw 370
 Low-sinking at their ease; listless they shrink.

Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
Tho' oft invoc'd; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumb'ring tribe, with heavy eyes
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their
tails

37

Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit.
But if th' inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old,
Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead;
With great examples of old GREECE or ROME

38

38

Enlarge

Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bleſs kind Heav'n,
 That BRITAIN yet enjoys dear Liberty, 391
 That balm of life, that sweeteſt bleſſing, cheap
 Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
 Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
 The bookleſs ſaunt'ring youth, proud of the ſkirt 395
 That dignifies his cap, his flouriſh'd belt,
 And ruſty couples gingling by his ſide.
 Be thou of other mold; and know that ſuch
 Transporting pleaſures were by Heav'n ordain'd
 Wiſdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward. 400

The ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

OF the power of instinct in brutes. Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind. Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chace. Transition to the ASIATICK way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other TARTARIAN princes, taken from Monsieur BERNIER, and the history of GENGISKAN the Great. Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

BOOK THE SECOND.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive sage
T' observe that Instinct, which unerring
guides

The brutal race, which mimicks reason's lore
And oft transcends : Heav'n-taught the roe-buck
swift

Loiters at ease before the driving pack
And mocks their vain pursuit, nor far he flies
But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade, provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued ; strain'd to excess each nerve, so
Each slacken'd sinew fails ; they pant, they foam ;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills

THE ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

OF the power of instinct in brutes. Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind. Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chase. Transition to the ASIATICK way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other TARTARIAN princes, taken from Monsieur BERNIER, and the history of GENGISKAN the Great. Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

BOOK THE SECOND.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive sage
 T' observe that Instinct, which unerring
 guides

The brutal race, which mimicks reason's lore
 And oft transcends : Heav'n-taught the roe-buck
 swift

Loiters at ease before the driving pack 5

And mocks their vain pursuit, nor far he flies

But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent

That freshens on the blade, provokes their rage.

Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes

Soon flag fatigued ; strain'd to excess each nerve, 10

Each slacken'd sinew fails ; they pant, they foam ;

Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills

Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis Instinct that directs the jealous hare 15
To chuse her soft abode : With step revers'd
She forms the doubling maze ; then, ere the morn
Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her close recess.

As wand'ring shepherds on th' ARABIAN plains
No settled residence observe, but shift 20
Their moving camp, now, on some cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling streams distil
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their fainting flocks : So the wise hares 25
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Shou'd mark their haunts, and by dark treach'rous
wiles

Plot their destruction ; or perchance in hopes

Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary, and close they sit. 30
When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood: When summer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young:
But when autumnal torrents, and fierce rains 36
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert: Yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd
In the long grafs they skulk, or shrinking creep 41
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing still,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But ev'ry season carefully observ'd,
Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element, 45
The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain

His

His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields. 50

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties show'rs ; the fields are shorn ;
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase ; his barns are stor'd
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load. 56
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd ;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips 60
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd :
But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, some kind power invisible ! 65

To that extended lawn, where the gay court
 View the swift racers, stretching to the goal ;
 Games more renown'd and a far nobler train,
 Than proud ELEAN fields could boast of old.
 Oh ! were a THEBAN lyre not wanting here, 70
 And PINDAR's voice, to do their merit right !
 Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye
 In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
 SARUM's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
 And pierces thro' the clouds. Or to thy downs, 75
 Fair COTSWOLD, where the well-breath'd beagle
 climbs,
 With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
 And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

HAIL, gentle Dawn ! mild blushing goddess,
 hail !

Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread 80

O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,

And

And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend.
Farewel, CLEORA ; here deep sunk in down
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive 85
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their mattins chant, nor brook my long delay. 90
My courser hears their voice ; see there with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground ;
Fierce rapture kindles in his red'ning eyes,
And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys
Cow'd by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns 95
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain
The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolick play :
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack ; 100

A thou-

A thousand wanton gayeties express
 Their inward extasy, their pleasing sport
 Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.
 85 The rising sun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
 As many colours from their glossy skins 105
 Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
 When APRIL show'rs descend. Delightful scene!
 Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
 y. 90 And in each smiling countenance appears
 ars Fresh blooming health, and universal joy. 110

HUNTSMAN, lead on ! behind the clust'ring pack
 Submits attend, hear with respect thy whip
 s 95 Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey :
 Spare not the straggling cur, that wildly roves ;
 But let thy brisk assistant on his back 115
 Imprint thy just resentments ; let each lash
 Bite to the quick, till howling he return
 100 And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

HERE

HERE on this verdant spot, where Nature kind
 With double blessings crown the farmer's hopes;
 Where flow'rs autumnal spring, and the rank
 mead

121

Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repast;
 Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they spread,
 And range around, and dash the glitt'ring dew.

If some stanch hound, with his authentick voice,
 Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe

126

Attend his call, then with one mutual cry,

The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills

Repeat the pleasing tale. See how the thread

The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!

130

But quick they back recoil, and wisely check

Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground

How leisurely they work, and many a pause

Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more assur'd

With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.

135

What artful labyrinths perplex their way!

Ah!

Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants, she doubts
 If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,
 With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grass that clings
 Around her head, of the same russet hue 140
 Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes
 With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
 At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd,
 No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
 Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain 145
 Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.

Now gently put her off; see how direct
 To her known^{Y³¹} Muse she flies! Here, huntsman,
 130 bring

(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
 And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop, 150
 And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
 With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
 That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let loose
 135 From the dark caverns of the blust'ring God,

Ah! D They

They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn. 155

Hope gives them wings while she's spur'd on by
fear.

The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and
woods

In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stripp'd for the chace, give all your souls to joy!

See how their courfers, than the mountain roe 160

More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds

Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce
print

The grass unbruise'd ; with emulation fir'd

They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,

O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush 165

The thorny-twining hedge : The riders bend

O'er their arch'd necks ; with steady hands, by
turns

Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.

Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,

Vexations,

Book II. THE CHACE. 35

Vexations, sickness, cares ? All, all are gone, 170
And with the panting winds lag far behind

HUNTSMAN ! her gait observe ; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track.

But if she fly, and with the fav'ring wind 175

Urge her bold course ; less intricate thy task :

Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch

The frighted chace leaves her late dear abodes,

O'er plains remote she stretches far away,

Ah ! never to return ! For greedy Death 180

Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his prey.

HARK ! from yon covert, where those tow'ring
oaks

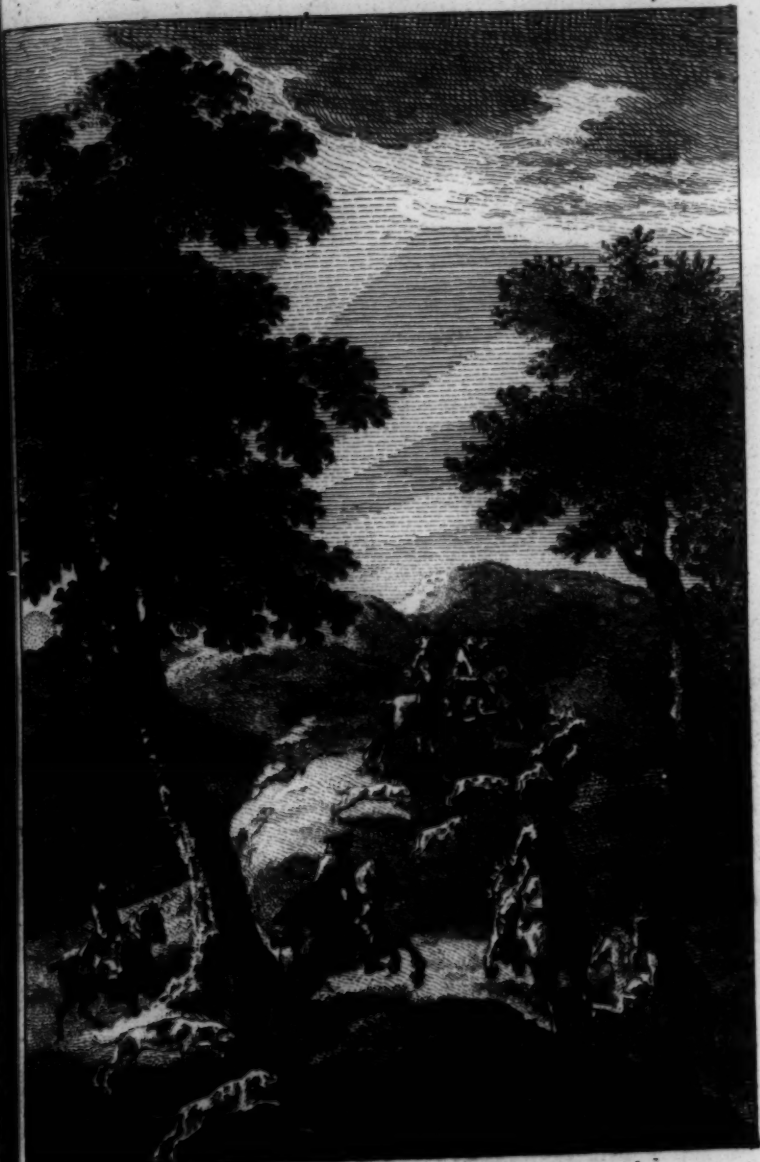
Above the humble copse aspiring rise,

What glorious triumphs burst in ev'ry gale

Upon our ravish'd ears ! The hunters shout, 185

The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding
notes,

The pack wide op'ning load the trembling air
With various melody ; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Thro' all the regions near : afflictive birch
No more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call ;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill ; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfinish'd furrow ; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy ; men, boys, and girls
Desert th' unpeopled village ; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd.
Look, how she pants ! and o'er yon op'ning glade
Slips glancing by ; while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound



A. Walker del. et Sculp.

Boon

Slily

And

By a

The

That

'Tis

Beyo

But I

Sad o

Inter

Pond

And

That

Inful

As no

Bring

And

Away

And a

Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
 And in that very track, so lately stain'd 205
 By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
 The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
 That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,
 'Tis Heav'n directs, and stratagems inspire,
 Beyond the short extent of human thought, 210
 But hold — I see her from the covert break;
 Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
 Intent she listens with one ear erect,
 Pond'ring, and doubtful what new course to take,
 And how t'escape the fierce bloody-thirsty crew, 215
 That still urge on, and still in vollies loud
 Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
 As now in louder peals, the loaded winds
 Bring on the gath'ring storm, her fears prevail;
 And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
 Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide, 221
 And all their canvass wings, scud half so fast.

Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along
In pleasing hurry and confusion tost ; 225
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unweary'd, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue ; our lab'ring steeds
We press, we gore ; till once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe a while ; 230
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrival'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack ; how in the rapid course 235
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious scent ; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd ;
How niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point 240
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chace

Sinking he finds : then to the head he springs
 With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
 Huntsman, take heed ; they stop in full career.
 Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze, 245
 Have haply foil'd the turf. See ! that old hound,
 How busily he works, but dares not trust
 His doubtful sense ; draw yet a wider ring.
 Hark ! now again the chorus fills. As bells
 Sally'd a while at once their peal renew, 250
 And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
 See, how they tofs, with animated rage
 Recov'ring all they lost ! — That eager haste
 Some doubling wile forefhews.—Ah ! yet once more
 They're check'd,—hold back with speed—on either
 hand 255
 They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'Tis right,
 Away they spring ; the rustling stubbles bend
 Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chace
 Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.

From brake to brake she flies, and visits all 260

Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd se-
cure,

With love and plenty blest. See! there she goes,

She reels along, and by her gait betrays

Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks!

The sweat that clogs, th' obstructed pores, scarce
leaves 265

A languid scent. And now in open view

See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts

His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.

How quick she turns! their gaping jaws eludes,

And yet a moment lives; till round inclos'd 270

By all the greedy pack, with infant screams

She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.

So when the furious BACCHANALS assail'd

THREICIAN ORPHEUS, poor ill-fated bard!

Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and HEBRUS'
banks, 275

Return'd

Return'd their clam'rous rage ; distress'd he flies,
 Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain ;
 For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
 By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,
 To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey. 280

THE huntsman now, a deep incision made,
 Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
 Her reeking entrails, and yet quivering heart.
 These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite 284
 For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies,
 A mangled corse ; in her dim glaring eyes
 Cold death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb.

Aw'd by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds
 Around her bay ; or at their master's foot,
 Each happy fav'rite courts his kind applause, 290
 With humble adulation cow'ring low.

All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
 Her solemn dirge, while the loud-op'ning pack

The

The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare, 295
A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence and grandeur of the chace ; 300
Hear what the muse from faithful records sings.

WHY on the banks of GEMNA INDIAN stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their filken streamers waving in the wind ?
Why neighs the warrior horse ? From tent to tent,
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude ? 306
Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain ?
Nor VISAPOUR nor GOLCONDA rebel ;
Nor the great SOPHY, with his num'rous host, 310
Lays waste the provinces ; nor glory fires

To

To rob, and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls AURENGZEBE to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries, 315
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor : But mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword ; on beasts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes ! 320
Imperial DEHLI op'ning wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne, 325
Born on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of TAMUR's glorious race :
Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. OMRAHS about him crowd,
And rein th' ARABIAN steed, and watch his nod :

And

And potent RAJAHS, who themselves preside 331
O'er realms of wide extent ; but here submit
Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.
Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair sultanas of his court : a troop 335
Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intrusive eye ; one look is death.
Ah cruel EASTERN law (had kings a pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannick will)
To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray, 340
Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
Slaves and artificers ; and DEHLI mourns
Her empty and depopulated streets.
Now at the camp arriv'd with stern review,
Thro' groves of spears, from file to file he darts
His sharp experienc'd eye ; their order marks, 346
Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd

BOOB II. THE CHACE. 45

On these extended plains, when AMMON's son 350
 With mighty PORUS in dread battle join'd,
 The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host
 More numerous of old, which the great king*
 Pour'd out on GREECE from all th' unpeopled
 East ; 354

That bridg'd the HELLESPONT from shore to shore,
 And drank the rivers dry. Mean while in troops
 The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
 A wide circumference ; full many a league
 In compass round ; woods, rivers, hills and plains,
 Large provinces ; enough to gratify 360
 Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
 Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
 The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.
 He from the throne high-eminent presides, 364
 Give out his mandates proud, laws of the chace,
 From ancient records drawn. With rev'rence low,

* XERXES.

And

And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreverfible decrees, from which
To vary, is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his ftation leads ; encamping round, 370
Till the wide circle is compleatly form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what thefe command,
Thofe execute with fpeed, and punctual care ;
In all the ftrictest difcipline of war :
As if fome watchful foe, with bold infult, 375
Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high refolve,
That flies on wings thro' all th' encircling line,
Each motion fteers, and animates the whole.
So by the fun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
The planets in their fpheres roll round his orb : 380
On all he fhines, and rules the great machine.

ERE yet the morn difpels the fleeting mifts,
The fignal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air, th' imperial ftandard waves,
Emblazon'd

BOOK II. THE CHACE. 47

Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems;
And like a sheet of fire, thro' the dun gloom 386
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers shouts,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp,
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air, 391
Round all the wide circumference, tygers fell
Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound 396
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroick deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range 400
Inquisitive; strong dogs that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From

From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts 405
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fire
Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest seems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tygers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes; growling along, 411
They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapt in her sable veil forbids the chace, 415
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint the horizon with their ruddy light.
So round some island's shore of large extent, 420
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,

Seem

Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire. 424

What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades ! where erst the bird
That glads the night, had chear'd the list'ning
groves

With sweet complainings. Thro' the silent gloom,
Oft they the guards assail ; as oft repell'd

They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage 430
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.

Thus day by day, they still the chace renew,
At night encamp ; till now in streighter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive

The wall that hems them in on ev'ry side. 435
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean ;

From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Against their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws

The civil war begins ; grappling they tear.
Lions on tygers prey, and bears on wolves : 440

E

Horrible

Horrible discord ! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides ; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the face of man, 44
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in distress.

At last within the narrow plain confin'd,
A list'd field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far 45
Than ancient ROME cou'd boast, they crowd
 heaps,
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance ; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early resolv'd t' assert their royal race, 46
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread

Its curling shade. On bold ARABIAN steeds
 With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
 The lion's dreadful roar ; and down the rock 460
 Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
 Stretching along, the greedy tyger leave
 Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
 With javelins arm'd attend ; each watchful eye
 Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone 465
 He fears, and to redeem his life, unmov'd
 Would lose his own. The mighty AURENGZEBE,
 From his high-elevated throne, beholds
 His blooming race ; revolving in his mind
 What once he was, in his gay spring of life, 470
 When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
 Melts in his eyes, and flushes in his cheeks.
 Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
 Of eager hosts, thro' all the circling line,
 And the wild howlings of the beasts within 475
 Rend wide the welkin, flights of arrows, wing'd

With death, and javelins launch'd from ev'ry arm,
Gall fore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all 480
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire ; and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose ; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove, 485
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves ; with pointed spears they pierce
Thro' their tough hides ; or at their gaping mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes 490
In broken roarings breathes his last ; the bear
Grumbles in death ; nor can his spotted skin,
Tho' sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate. 495

The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of ev'ry kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain 500
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd. 505
And now perchance (had heav'n but pleas'd) the
work
Of death had been compleat ; and AURENGZEBE
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race.
When lo ! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display 510
Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.

LOWLY they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant beauty begs ? At his command
Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes. 516
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborn,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

YE proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of pow'r, 'gainst the brute race, 520
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd : here quench your thirst of
blood ;
But learn from AURENGZEBE to spare mankind.

II.
e
y
nd
ops
516
The ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

OF King EDGAR, and his imposing a tribute of
wolves heads upon the kings of WALES: from
hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in
all its parts. Censure of an over-numerous pack. Of
the several engines to destroy foxes, and other wild beasts.
The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it.
Description of the pitfall for the lion; and another for
the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tyger
with a mirror. The ARABIAN manner of hunting
the wild boar. Description of the royal stag-chace at
WINDSOR FOREST. Concludes with an address to
his majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

BOOK THE THIRD.

IN ALBION'S isle when glorious EDGAR reign'd,
 He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
 Launch'd half her forests, and with num'rous fleets
 Cover'd his wide domain : there proudly rode
 Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
 Of BRITISH monarchs. Each invader bold,
 DANE and NORWEGIAN, at a distance gaz'd,
 And disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
 He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
 With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled.
 Rich commerce flourish'd ; and with busy oars
 Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
 His royal cares ; wise, potent, gracious prince !
 His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,

BOOK III. THE CHACE. 57

And from rapacious savages their flocks. 15

CAMBRIA'S proud kings (tho' with reluctance)
paid

Their tributary wolves ; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.

In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd 20

The social troops ; and soon their large increase
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.

But yet, alas ! the wily fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilf'ring foe prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy. 25

In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, thro' the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain : 30
While in th' adjacent bush, poor PHILOMEL,
(Herself a parent once, till wanton churls

Despoil'd

Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments,
With sweeter notes, and more melodious woe,

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman, prepare
Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh ! how glorious 'tis 36
To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
To just disgrace ! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack, 40
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See ! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this way, and that, 45
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark ! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry mouth.
As straggling armies, at the trumpet's voice, 50

Prefs to their standard ; hither all repair,
 And hurry thro' the woods ; with hasty step
 Rustling, and full of hope ; now driv'n on heaps
 They push, they strive ; while from his kennel
 sneaks

re

36

The conscious villain. See ! he skulks along, 55
 Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
 Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.

40

ple,

Tho' high his brush he bear, tho' tipt with white
 It gaily shine ; yet ere the sun declin'd
 Recal the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue 60
 Shall rue his fate revers'd ; and at his heels
 Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
 His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.

nge

45

HEAVENS ! what melodious strains ! how beat
 our hearts

n.

Big with tumultuous joy ! the loaded gales 65
 Breathe harmony ; and as the tempest drives

50

Prefs

From

From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.
The chorus swells ; less various, and less sweet
The trilling notes, when in those very groves, 70
The feather'd choristers salute the spring,
And ev'ry bush in concert joins ; or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the pow'rs
Of musick in one instrument combine, 75
An universal minstrelsy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe ;
He pants for purer air. Hark ! what loud shouts
Re-echo thro' the groves ! he breaks away. 80
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling
hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean gen'rous steed ;

Flourish

BOOK III. THE CHACE. 61

Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur ; 85

But in the madness of delight, forget

Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,

And dangerous our course ; but in the brave

True courage never fails. In vain the stream

In foaming eddies whirls ; in vain the ditch 90

Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy steep

Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,

And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain ;

But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold

To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill, 95

By the swift motion flung, we mount aloft :

So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink.

Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high

Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.

WHAT lengths we pass ! where will the wan-

d'ring chace

100

Lead us bewilder'd ! smooth as swallows skim

The

The new-shorn mead, and far more swift we fly.
 See my brave pack ; how to the head they press,
 Jostling in close array, then more diffuse 104
 Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
 The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
 Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
 Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
 From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
 The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain
 The panting courser now with trembling nerves 111
 Begins to reel ; urg'd by the goading spur,
 Makes many a faint effort : he snorts, he foams,
 The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
 With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and
 view 115

The strange confusion of the vale below,
 Where four vexation reigns ; see yon poor jade,
 In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears ;
 With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides ;

He

BOOK III. THE CHACE. 63

He can no more : his stiff unpliant limbs 120
 Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,
 For ev'ry cruel curse returns a groan,
 And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
 Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
 His minion, and his daily care, well cloath'd, 125
 Well fed with ev'ry nicer cate ; no cost,
 No labour spar'd ; who, when the flying chace
 Broke from the copse, without a rival led
 The num'rous train : now a sad spectacle
 Of pride brought low, and humble insolence, 130
 Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along.
 While these with loosen'd reins, and dangling heels,
 Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
 Their weights ; another in the treach'rous bog
 Lies flound'ring half ingulph'd. What biting
 thoughts 135
 Torment th' abandon'd crew ! Old age laments
 His vigour spent : the tall, plump, brawny youth
 Curses

Curfes his cumb'rous bulk ; and envies now
 The fhort pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
 With proud infulting leer. A chofen few 140
 Alone the fport enjoy, nor droop beneath
 Their pleafing toils. Here, huntsman, from this
 height

Obferve yon birds of prey ; if I can judge,
 'Tis there the villain lurks : they hover round
 And claim him as their own. Was I not right ? 146
 See ! there he creeps along ; his brush he drags,
 And fweeps the mire impure ; from his wide jaws
 His tongue unmoiften'd hangs ; fymptoms too fure
 Of fudden death. Hah ! yet he flies, nor yields
 To black defpair. But one loofe more, and all 150
 His wiles are vain. Hark ! thro' yon village now
 The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
 And leaflefs elms return the jous founds.
 Thro' ev'ry homefall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
 His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies ; 155

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes
 Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
 In a superior stench to lose his own :
 But faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
 With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue. 160
 And now distress'd, no shelt'ring covert near,
 Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
 Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there
 Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
 The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud, 165
 Drag out their trembling prize ; and on his blood
 With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
 Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead :
 And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
 The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe 170
 Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
 And grateful calls us to a short repast :
 In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
 Our native product. And his good old mate

With choicest viands heaps the lib'ral board, 175
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

HERE must th' instructive Muse (but with re-
spect)

Censure that num'rous pack, that crowd of state,
With which the vain profusion of the great 179
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
Pompous incumbrance ! A magnificence
Useless, vexatious ! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage : slinks behind
And slyly creeps thro' the same beaten track, 183
And hunts them step by step : then views, escap'd
With inward extasy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd and lost.
So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes 190
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world :

But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of chosen vet'rans; they press blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall, 195
A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy :
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day, 200
With silence drags his trail; then from the ground
Pares thin the close-graz'd turf, there with nice
hand

Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press 205
The yielding surface. By th' indented steel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins
And struggles, but in vain : yet oft 'tis known,

When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb 213
Compounded for his life. But, if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no escape;
But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass hangs.

Of these are various kinds; not ev'n the king 215
Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave:
But by the wily AFRICAN betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn; and all the race 220
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts; the painful forester 225
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,

Affail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand ; the dismal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls 230
His watchful bands ; and low into the ground
A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The butt of some fair tree ; upon whose top
A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam. 235
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountain's brow ;
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood, 240
Rouze up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His rav'nous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears 245

The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat ; himself, alas ! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute 249
Winds him from far ; and leaping o'er the mound
To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyfs. Prostrate he lies
Aftunn'd and impotent. Ah ! what avail
Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail,
That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd 255
With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane
The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
Thy strength is foil'd ? Unequal is the strife,
When sov'reign reason combats brutal rage. 260

ON distant ETHIOPIA's sun-burnt coasts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent use.



Walker del. et sculp.

Boo

Wi

And

A fl

Smi

Com

The

Of v

The

The

Adv

With

The

With

The

Delig

To l

The

That

The

With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs 266
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave, that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds furcharg'd; the downy peach, 270
The clust'ring vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as ev'ning grey
Advances slow besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade 275
With step majestick strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death 280
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours

The fruit delicious. Ah ! too dearly bought ;
The price is life. For now the treach'rous turf
Trembling gives way ; and the unwieldy beast, 285
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth ; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield, 289
Down sinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulph'd
With all its tow'rs. Subtle, delusive man !
How various are thy wiles ! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race !
Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pard,
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy ; 295
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not : at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirrour stops in full career
The furious brute : he there his image views ;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow ; 300
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,

Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
 Distends his op'ning paws ; himself against
 Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
 The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim 305
 Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
 He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
 Thus man innum'rous engines forms, t' assail
 The savage kind ; but most the docile horse,
 Swift and confederate with man, annoys 310
 His brethren of the plains ; without whose aid
 The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
 With the more active brutes an equal war.
 But born by him, without the well-train'd pack,
 Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure. 315

HIM the fierce ARAB mounts, and, with his troop
 Of bold compeers, ranges the deserts wild.

Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
 Steers his untrodden course ; yet oft on land

Is

Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand 320
Immerst and lost. While these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horses speed, out-fly the storm,
And scouring round, make men and beasts their
prey.

The grisly boar is singled from his herd
As large as that in ERIMANTHIAN woods, 325
A match for HERCULES. Round him thy fly
In circles wide ; and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed
Haply too near approach ; or the loose earth 330
His footing fail ; the watchful angry beast
Th' advantage spies ; and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant ; then bleeding spurns the ground, 335
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Mean while the surly monster trots along,

But

BOOK III. THE CHACE. 75

But with unequal speed ; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears ; adown 340
His tortur'd sides, the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font. And now at last
Stagg'ring he falls, in blood and foam expires.

BUT whither roves my devious muse, intent
On antique tales ? While yet the royal stag 345
Unfeng remains. Tread with respectful awe
WINDSOR's green glades ; where DENHAM, tune-
ful bard,
Charm'd once the list'ning dryads, with his song
Sublimely sweet. O ! grant me, sacred shade,
To glean submits what thy full fickle leaves. 350

THE morning sun, that gilds with trembling rays
WINDSOR's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chace, nor views in all his course

A scene

A scene so gay: heroick, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs 355
The fairest of this isle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her PAPHIAN grove
For our more favour'd shades: in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves, 360
They smile superior; of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real splendors, far above the pomp
Of eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride. 365
Like troops of AMAZONS, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword,
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair, 370
Lead on the splendid train. ANNA more bright
Than summer suns, or as the light'ning keen,

With

With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
 Fires ev'ry heart. He must be more than man,
 Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray. 375

AMELIA, milder than the blushing dawn,
 With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
 Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
 Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids
 Ever triumphant ! whose victorious charms, 380
 Without the needless aid of high descent,
 Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great
 lords

To bow and sue for grace. But who is he
 Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
 As op'ning lilies ; on whom ev'ry eye 385
 With joy and admiration dwells ? See, see,
 He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
 Is it ADONIS for the chace array'd ?
 Or BRITAIN's second hope ? Hail blooming youth !
 May all your virtues with your years improve, 390
 Till

Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard 395
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns ; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cower'd low to earth,
While pass the glitt'ring court, and royal pair :
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd, 400
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,
Let loose the gen'ral chorus ; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

UNHARBOUR'D now the royal stag forsakes 405
His wonted lair ; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head, the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts

He

He tries ! not more the wily hare ; in these
 Wou'd still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
 With dreadful consort thunder in his rear. 411

The woods reply, the hunter's chearing shouts
 Float thro' the glades, and the wide forest rings.
 How merrily they chant ! their nostrils deep
 Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry, 415

And such th' harmonious din, the soldier deems
 The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
 Forgets his weighty cares ; each age, each sex
 In the wild transport joins ; luxuriant joy,
 And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult 420
 On ev'ry brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
 How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no
 more

Thy self ! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
 In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
 Yield a short interval, and ease from pain ! 425

SEE the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
 Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
 The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
 High-overgrown? Or who the quiv'ring bog
 Soft-yielding to the step? All now is plain, 430
 Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far
 Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades
 The forest opens to our wond'ring view:
 Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
 Lay waste the world; his the more glorious
 part 435

To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
 Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious ROME)
 T'employ his station'd legions in the works
 Of peace; to smoothe the rugged wilderness,
 To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope 440
 Depending road, and to make gay the face
 Of nature, with th' embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart! as I behold
 Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
 Push on the gen'rous steed, that strokes along 445
 O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
 Nor falters in th' extended vale below :
 Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
 And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks !
 While at their sides their pensive lovers wait, 450
 Direct their dubious course ; now chill'd with fear
 Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
 O! grant, indulgent heav'en, no rising storm
 May darken, with black wings, this glorious scene !
 Shou'd some malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,
 Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old 456
 Betray'd to lawless love the TYRIAN queen.
 For BRITAIN's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair,
 Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
 In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day. 460

G

Now

Now the blown stag, thro' woods, bogs, roads,
and streams

Has measur'd half the forest ; but alas !

He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.

Tho' far he cast the ling'ring pack behind,

His haggard fancy still with horror views 465

The fell destroyer ; still the fatal cry

Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.

So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands

In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear 469

The dying shrieks ; and the pale threat'ning ghost

Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.

See here his flot ; up yon green hill he climbs,

Pants on its brow a while, sadly looks back

On his pursuers, cov'ring all the plain ; 474

Bnt wrung with anguish, bears not long the fight,

Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale :

There mingles with the herd, where once he
reign'd

Proud stops

BOOK III. THE CHACE. 83

Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted pow'r

Was still rewarded with successful love. 480

But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men,

Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim

Chace him from thence: needless their impious
deed,

The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,

Black, and imboss; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;

Too well distinguish these, and never leave 486

Their once devoted foe; familiar grows

His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.

Again he flies, and with redoubled speed

Skims o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew 490

Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,

And push him many a league. If haply then

Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train

Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip

Proud stops full their bold career; passive they stand, 495

Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious crowd,
As if by stern MEDUSA gaz'd to stones.

So at their gen'ral's voice whole armies halt
In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.

Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams 500

Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
With fresh-recruited might. The stag, who hop'd
His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd
The dreadful din ; he shivers ev'ry limb, 504

He starts, he bounds ; each bush presents a foe.

Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,

Breathless, and faint, he falters in his pace,

And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
Sustain their load : he pants, he sobs appall'd ;

Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath 510

His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if perchance

Some prying eye surprize him ; soon he rears

Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn

With ill-dissembled vigour, to amuse

I.

100

g

op'd

'd

504

arce

i

510

hance

n

Th



A. Walker del. et Sculp.

The knowing forester ; who inly smiles 515

At his weak shifts, and unavailing frauds.

So midnight tapers waste their last remains,

Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.

From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,

And bellow thro' the vales ; the moving storm 520

Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,

And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude

To his approaching fate. And now in view

With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd

What strength is left : to the last dregs of life 525

Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on ev'ry side

Hemm'd in, besieg'd ; not the least op'ning left

To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.

Where shall he turn ? or whither fly ? Despair

Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die, 530

He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,

And deals his deaths around ; beneath his feet

These grov'ling lie, those by his antlers gor'd

Defile th' enfanguin'd plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk, 535
That covers well his rear, his front presents
An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd, 540
To dare some great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with eager violence: 545
Then takes the foil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the mid-stream he wafts
Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek) close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet 550
Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.
His nose alone above the wave draws in

BOOK III. THE CHACE.

87

The vital air; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack 555
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains 560
His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:
At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud op'ning spends amain, and his wide throat 565
Swells ev'ry note with joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his hanch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd, 570
Again he stands at bay, amid the groves

Of willows, bending low their downy heads.

Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack ;

These swim the deep, and those crawl up with
pain

The slippery bank, while others on firm land 575

Engage ; the stag repels each bold assault,

Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds re-
turns.

As when some wily corsair boards a ship

Full-freighted, or from AFRIC's golden coasts,

Or INDIA's wealthy strand, his bloody crew 580

Upon her deck he flings ; these in the deep

Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,

And clinging climb aloft ; while those on board

Urge on the work of fate ; the master bold,

Prefs'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves 585

To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,

His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.

So fares it with the stag : so he resolves

To

To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himself, his foes in one deep gulph immers'd. 590
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild disorder once more views the light ;
Beneath a weight of woe, he groans distress'd :
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks ;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderness innate 596
Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry pack
Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their prey.

GREAT Prince ! from thee, what may thy sub-
jects hope ; 600

So kind, and so beneficent to brutes ?

O mercy, heav'nly born ! sweet attribute !

Thou great, thou best prerogative of pow'r !

Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with
thee,

On

On rocks of adamant it stands secure, 605

And braves the storm beneath ; soon as thy smiles

Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,

And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

The ARGUMENT of the Fourth Book.

OF the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man. Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business. The choice of the dog, of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be rear'd. Of setting them out to their several walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at sheep. Of the diseases of hounds. Of their age. Of madness; two sorts of it described, the dumb, and outrageous madness: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences. The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, described. Description of the otter hunting. The conclusion.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth re-
turns

Diffolv'd : the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine, 5
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that
perish,

And God's bright image, man's immortal race.

The brute creation are his property,
Subservient to his will, and for him made. 10

As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves ; their solé and arbitrary king.

Shou'd

Shou'd he not kill, as erst the SAMIAN sage
 Taught unadvis'd, and INDIAN brachmans now
 As vainly preach ; the teeming rav'nous brutes 15
 Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
 Incumb'ring all the globe : shou'd not his care
 Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,
 Man might once more on roots, and acorns feed,
 And thro' the deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn, 20
 Quite destitute of ev'ry solace dear,
 And ev'ry smiling gaiety of life.

THE prudent huntsman therefore will supply
 With annual large recruits, his broken pack,
 And propagate their kind. As from the root 25
 Fresh scions still spring forth, and daily yield
 New blooming honours to the parent-tree.
 Far shall his pack be fam'd, far sought his breed,
 And princes at their tables feast those hounds
 His hand presents, an acceptable boon. 30

ERE yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
 His steepy course, or mother Earth unbound
 Her frozen bosom to the WESTERN gale ;
 When feather'd troops, their social leagues dis-
 solv'd,

Select their mates, and on the leafless elm 35
 The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest,
 Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
 That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
 Their pyebald mates enamour'd ; their red eyes
 Flash fires impure ; nor rest, nor food they take,
 Goaded by furious love. In sep'rate cells 41
 Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars
 Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,
 The growling rivals in dread battle join,
 And rude encounter ; on SCAMANDER's streams
 Heroes of old with far less fury fought, 46
 For the bright SPARTAN dame, their valour's prize.
 Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds shall lie,

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on the ground ; thy kennel shall appear
 A field of blood : like some unhappy town 50
 In civil broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
 Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
 Staining their impious hands in mutual death.
 And still the best belov'd, and bravest fall :
 Such are the dire effects of lawless love. 55

HUNTSMAN ! these ills by timely prudent care
 Prevent : for ev'ry longing dame select
 Some happy paramour ; to him alone
 In leagues connubial join. Consider well
 His lineage ; what his fathers did of old, 60
 Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
 Or plung into the deep, or tread the brake
 With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briars in-
 woven.

Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size.
 Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard 65
 His

His inward habits : the vain babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.

His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false alarms, and loud impertinence.

Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks 70

Illusive from the pack ; to the next hedge
Devious he strays, there ev'ry muse he tries :

If haply then he crosses the streaming scent,
Away he flies vain-glorious ; and exults

As of the pack supreme, and in his speed 75

And strength unrivall'd. Lo ! cast far behind

His vex'd associates pant, and lab'ring strain

To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach

Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,

Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose, 80

His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.

What can from such be hop'd, but a base brood

Of coward curs, a frantick, vagrant race ?

WHEN now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above the horizon's brink ;
Without LUCINA's aid, expect thy hopes 86

Are amply crown'd ; short pangs produce to light
The smoking litter, crawling, helpless, blind,
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam 90
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure
view

The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy ; but to the merc'less flood,
Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload 95

Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster-parent give the care
Of thy superfluous brood ; she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring ; pleas'd thou shalt behold 100
Her tendernefs, and hospitable love.

H

IF

IF frolick now, and playful they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimick chace,
Coursing around ; unto the choicest friends 105
Commit thy valu'd prize : the rustick dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Carefs, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name 110
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd younker, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport : his nerves unstrung,
And strength unequal ; the laborious chace 116
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

WHEN to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field ; not all at once, 121

But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,

Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline. With these consort

The stanch, and steady sages of thy pack, 125

By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,

And subtle doublings of the various chace.

Ease the lesson of the youthful train,

When instinct prompts, and when example guides.

If the too forward younker at the head 130

Prefs boldly on, in wanton sportive mood,

Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd

The ruling whip. But if he stoop behind

In wary modest guise, to his own nose

Confiding sure ; give him full scope to work 135

His winding way, and with thy voice applaud

His patience, and his care ; soon shalt thou view

The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the list'ning pack attend his call.

OFt lead them forth where wanton lambkins
play,

And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain;
In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram 145
Tie fast the rash offender. See ! at first
His horn'd companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground:
Then with his load fatigu'd, shall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal 150
The panting wretch; till breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding fides

Last

Lash after lash, and with thy threat'ning voice,
Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud 155

His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves

Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air,

Affail the dang'rous foe, than he once more

Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age

Thus youth is train'd ; as curious artists bend 160

The taper, pliant twig : or potters form

Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

NOR is 't enough to breed ; but to preserve

Must be the huntsman's care. The stanch old

hounds,

Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few, 165

Are yet of great account ; shall oft untye

The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand

Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.

O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads, 169

O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd

Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way,
As party-chiefs in senates who preside,
With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech,
Conduct the staring multitude ; so these
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve, 175
And loudly boast discov'ries not their own.

UNNUMBER'D accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hov'ring o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave
Short is their span ; few at the date arrive
Of ancient ARGUS in old HOMER's song 180
So highly honour'd : kind, sagacious brute !
Not ev'n MINERVA's wisdom could conceal
Thy much lov'd master from thy nicer sense.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, we
pleas'd, 185

OF leffer ills the muse declines to sing,
 Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can tell
 The proper remedy. But O! what care!
 What prudence can prevent madness, the worst
 Of maladies? Terrifick pest! that blasts
 The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
 Thro' all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
 More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
 Or that APULIAN spider's pois'nous sting,
 Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds. 195

WHEN SIRIUS reigns, and the sun's parching
 beams

Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou
 Each ev'n and morn, with quick observant eye,
 Thy panting pack. If in dark sullen mood,
 The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal, 200
 Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,
 Gloomy, disconsolate: with speed remove

The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease 204
Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

BUT this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.
Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
Sits sadly pining : deep melancholy,
And black despair, upon his clouded brow 210
Hang low'ring ; from his half-op'ning jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Distilling fall ; and from his lungs inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition : his dim eyes are glaz'd, 215
He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
No more support his weight ; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd ; till death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

IV. BOOK IV. THE CHACE. 105

ns OR if outrageous grown, behold, alas! 220

204 A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes

at. Redden with fury, like some angry boar

Churning he foams; and on his back erect

His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd 224

He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends

The poison-tainted air, with rough hoarse voice

Incessant bays; and snuffs th' infectious breeze;

210 This way and that he stares aghast, and starts

At his own shade: jealous, as if he deem'd 229

The world his foes. If haply tow'rs the stream

He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills

His soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.

215 Now frantick to the kennel's utmost verge

os Raving he runs, and deals destruction round.

The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets 235

Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.

If now perchance thro' the weak fence escap'd,

OR Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth

Inhales

Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man, nor beast
He spares implacable. The hunter-horse, 240

Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and list'ning hears with joy
The chearing cry, that morn and eve salutes
His raptur'd sense) a wretched victim falls. 245

Unhappy quadruped ! no more, alas !

Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
Thy gentleness, thy speed ; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day 249
Visits thy stall, well pleas'd ; no more shalt thou
With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud op'ning pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For oh ! the secret wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground and dies.

HENCE to the village with pernicious haste 255
Baleful he bends his course : the village flies

Alarm'd :

Alarm'd ; the tender mother in her arms
 Hugs close the trembling babe ; the doors are
 barr'd,

And flying curs by native instinct taught
 Shun the contagious bane ; the rustick bands 260

Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
 Whate'er at hand they find ; clubs, forks, or guns
 From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,

In wild discord, and uncouth array :
 Till now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and
 gor'd, 265

At one short pois'nous gasp he breathes his last.

HENCE to the kennel, Muse, return, and view
 With heavy heart that hospital of woe ;
 Where Horror stalks at large ; insatiate Death
 Sits growling o'er his prey : each hour presents 270
 A diff'rent scene of ruin and distress.

How busy art thou, Fate ! and how severe

Thy

Thy pointed wrath ! the dying and the dead
 Promiscuous lie ; o'er these the living fight
 In one eternal broil ; not conscious why, 275
 Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
 Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble
 reigns.

HUNTSMAN ! it much behoves thee to avoid
 The perilous debate ! Ah ! rouse up all 279
 Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
 With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
 As erst the vestal flames ; the pointed steel
 In the hot embers hide ; and if surpriz'd
 Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
 Into the recent sore, and cauterize 285
 The wound ; spare not thy flesh, nor dread th'
 event :

VULCAN shall save when ÆSCULAPIUS fails.

HERE,

HERE shou'd the knowing Muse recount the
means

To stop this growing plague. And here, alas !
Each hand presents a sov'reign cure, and boasts
Infallibility, but boasts in vain. 291

On this depend, each to his sep'rate seat
Confine, in fetters bound ; give each his mefs
Apart, his range in open air ; and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear, 295
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous victim for the publick weal.

SING, philosophick Muse, the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustick swains, by long tradition taught 300
Of leaches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure ; but soon shall wish
The

The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath 305
The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.
A fate more dismal, and superior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Closing her monthly round, returns again 309
To glad the night; or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of heav'n; the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The pois'nous foam
Thro' the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th' arterial fluid: whose red waves 315
Tempestuous heave, and their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part, 320
Unable to resist: the tender brain
And stomach suffer most; convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wand'ring pungent pains

Pinch

Pinch fore the sleepless wretch ; his flutt'ring pulse
Oft intermits ; penfive, and sad, he mourns 325

His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends

Laments in vain ; to hasty anger prone,

Resents each flight offence, walks with quick step,

And wildly stares ; at last with boundless fway

The tyrant frenzy reigns. For as the dog 330

(Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)

Raving he foams, and howls and barks, and bates,

Like agitations in his boiling blood

Present like species to his troubled mind ;

His nature, and his actions all canine. 335

So (as old HOMER sung) th' associates wild

Of wand'ring ITHACUS, by CIRCE's charms

To swine transform'd, ran grunting thro' the
groves,

Dreadful example to a wicked world ! 339

See there distress'd he lies ! parch'd up with thirst,

But dares not drink. Till now at last his soul

Trembling

Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.

ONE labour yet remains, celestial Maid !

Another element demands thy song. 345

No more o'er craggy steep, thro' coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack :
But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flow'ry meads 350
Perpetual glide along ; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd ; gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind ; where they at will
On the green watry reed their pasture graze, 355
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppression ? Where, alas !

IV. BOOK IV. THE CHACE. 113
 Is innocence secure ? Rapine and spoil 360
 Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps ; seas have their sharks,
 Rivers and ponds inclos'd the rav'nous pike ;
 He in his turn becomes a prey ; on him
 Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate 364
 Deserv'd : but tyrants know no bounds ; nor spears
 That bristle on his back, defend the perch
 From his wide greedy jaws ; nor burnish'd mail
 The yellow carp, nor all his arts can save
 Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
 Beneath the slimy mud ; nor yet escapes 370
 The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride
 And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
 This midnight pillager, ranging around,
 Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
 Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears 375
 The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
 The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
 In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

I

THIS

THIS subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade 380
The deep still pool ; within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch : whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Dispute the felon's claim ; try ev'ry root, 385
And ev'ry reedy bank ; encourage all
The busy-spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance ; loudly raise 390
Each chearing voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd ! and on that bank
Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish, 394
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah ! on that yielding sag-bed, see once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh

BOOK IV. THE CHACE. 115

The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
 And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
 Thy eager pack ; and trail him to his couch. 400
 Hark ! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
 The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

YE NAIADS fair, who o'er these floods preside,
 Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
 And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes 405
 Float with the stream ; and ev'ry winding creek
 And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
 Nods pendant ; still improve from shore to shore
 Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts ! 409
 What clamour loud ! What gay heart-cheering
 sounds

Urge thro' the breathing brass their mazy way !
 Nor quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains
 The dancing billows ! when proud NEPTUNE rides
 In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily

They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade 415
Rank-scenting clings ! See ! how the morning dews
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.

Now on firm land they range ; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous ; or thro' reedy pools 420
Ruffling they work their way : no holt escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour flings ; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk, 425
That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes

The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay ! 429
They put him down. See, there he dives along !
Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the shelt'ring deeps. Ah, there he vents !

The

.

S

's

P

0

25

29

!

The



A. Walker del. et sculp.

B
T
M
In
A
A
Se
T
Hi
Ha
W
W
Th
Of
Be
He
At
Ag
His
Fix

The pack lunge headlong, and protended spears
 Menace destruction : while the troubled surge 435
 Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind,
 Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
 And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents !
 See, that bold hound has seiz'd him ; down they sink
 Together lost : but soon shall he repent 440
 His rash assault. See there escap'd, he flies
 Half-drown'd, and clammers up the slipp'ry bank
 With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
 Whether by Nature form'd, or by long use,
 This artful diver best can bear the want 445
 Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
 Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
 He lives not long ; but respiration needs
 At proper intervals. Again he vents ; 449
 Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
 His neck ; the crimson waves confess the wound.
 Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,

Where'er he flies ; with him it sinks beneath,

With him it mounts ; sure guide to ev'ry foe.

Inly he groans ; nor can his tender wound 455

Bear the cold stream. Lo ! to yon sedgy bank

He creeps disconsolate : his num'rous foes

Surround him, hounds, and men. Pierc'd thro'

and thro',

On pointed spears they lift him high in air ;

Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain :

Bid the loud horns, in gayly-warbling strains, 461

Proclaim the felon's fate ; he dies, he dies.

REJOICE, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in sign of liberty

Restor'd ; the cruel tyrant is no more. 465

Rejoice secure and blest'd ; did not as yet

Remain, some of your own rapacious kind ;

And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O HAPPY ! if ye knew your happy state,
 Ye rangers of the fields ; whom Nature boon 470
 Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element
 Conspires to blefs. What, if no heroes frown
 From marble pedestals ; nor RAPHAEL's works,
 Nor TITIAN's lively tints, adorn our walls ?
 Yet these the meanest of us may behold ; 475
 And at another's cost may feast at will
 Our wond'ring eyes ; what can the owner more ?
 But vain, alas ! is wealth, not grac'd with pow'r.
 The flow'ry landskip, and the gilded dome,
 And vistas op'ning to the wearied eye, 480
 Thro' all his wide domain ; the planted grove,
 The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
 Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
 Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
 Is harrow'd day and night ; he mourns, he pines,
 Until his prince's favour makes him great. 486
 See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes !

The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth ; from ev'ry mouth
The nauseous flatt'ry flows, which he returns 490
With promises, that die as soon as born.

Vile intercourse ! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch ; all his glories fade ;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day ; without one friend 495
To sooth his tortur'd mind ; all, all are fled.
For tho' they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.

Not such our friends ; for here no dark design,
No wicked int'rest bribes the venal heart ; 500
But inclination to our bosom leads,
And weds them there for life ; our social cups
Smile, as we smile ; open, and unreserv'd,
We speak our inmost souls ; good humour, mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free, 505
Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.

V. BOOK IV. THE CHACE. 121

O HAPPINESS sincere ! what wretch wou'd groan
Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
Upon the slipp'ry pavements of the great,
Who thus cou'd reign, unenvy'd and secure? 510

Ye guardian pow'rs who make mankind your
care,

Give me to know wise nature's hidden depths,
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and submit adore
That great creative Will, who at a word 515
Spoke forth the wond'rous scene. But if my soul
To this gross clay confin'd flutters on earth
With less ambitious wing ; unskill'd to range
From orb to orb, where NEWTON leads the way ;
And view with piercing eyes, the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds ; subservient to his voice,
Who, veil'd in clouded Majesty, alone 522
Gives light to all ; bids the great system move,

And

And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself. Yet this at least 525
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest Want
That dares not ask. And if to crown my joys, 530
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and
streams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my chearing voice, my hounds shall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round. 535



THE END.

1465. b. 33
2

V.
25
H O B B I N O L,
OR THE
RURAL GAMES.
A
BURLESQUE POEM.
30
IN BLANK VERSE.

nd
By WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq.

ke
35
THE SIXTH EDITION.

*Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam sit, et angusti hunc addere rebus honorem.
Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, quà nulla priorum
Castaliam molli di-vertitur orbita clivo.*

VIRG. GEORG. Lib. III.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. BOWYER, W. STRAHAN,
and R. BALDWIN. MDCCLXXIII.

44
7 25
806.



M
F
tro
ter
inc
of
yo
me
an
to
th
rid

DEDICATION

TO

Mr. HOGARTH.

PERMIT me, Sir, to make choice of you for my Patron, being the greatest master in the burlesque way. In this indeed you have some advantage of your poetical brethren, that you paint to the eye; yet remember, Sir, that we give speech and motion, and a greater variety to our figures. Your province is the Town; leave me a small out-ride in the Country, and I shall
be

DEDICATION.

be content. In this, at least, let us both agree, to make vice and folly the object of our ridicule; and we cannot fail to be of some service to mankind. I am,

S I R,

Your admirer, and

Most humble servant,

W. S.

THE

P R E F A C E.

NOTHING is more common than for us poor bards, when we have acquired a little reputation, to print ourselves into disgrace. We climb the AONIAN mount with difficulty and toil; we receive the bays for which we languished; till, grasping still at more, we lose our hold, and fall at once to the bottom.

THE Author of this piece would not thus be *felo de se*, nor would he be murdered by persons unknown. But as he is satisfied, that there are many imperfect copies of this trifle dispersed abroad, and as he is credibly informed, that he shall soon be exposed to view in such an attitude, as he would not care to appear in; he thinks it most prudent in this desperate case to throw himself on the mercy of the publick; and offer this whimsical

fical work a voluntary sacrifice, in hope that he stands a better chance for their indulgence, now it has received his last hand, than when curtailed and mangled by others.

THE Poets of almost all nations have celebrated the games of their several countries. HOMER began, and all the mimic tribe followed the example of that great father of poetry. Even our own MILTON, who laid his scene beyond the limits of this sublunary world, has found room for descriptions of this sort, and has performed it in a more sublime manner, than any who went before him. His, indeed, are sports; but they are the sports of angels. This gentleman has endeavoured to do justice to his countrymen, the BRITISH freeholders, who, when dressed in their holiday clothes, are by no means persons of a despicable figure; but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greatest hero in the ILIAD. There is also some use in descriptions of this nature, since nothing gives us a clearer idea of the genius of a nation, than their sports and diversions. If we see people dancing, even in wooden shoes, and a fiddle always at their heels, we are soon

con-

convinced of the levity and volatile spirit of those merry slaves. The famous bull feasts are an evident token of the Quixotism and romantic taste of the SPANIARDS. And a country-wake is too sad an image of the infirmities of our own people : we see nothing but broken heads, bottles flying about, tables overturned, outrageous drunkenness, and eternal squabble.

THUS much of the subject ; it may not be improper to touch a little upon the style. One of the greatest poets and most candid critics of this ages has informed us that there are two sorts of burlesque. Be pleased to take it in his own words, SPECTATOR, Numb. 242. " Burlesque (says he) is of two kinds. The " first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes ; the other, great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don QUIXOTE is an instance of the first, and LUCIAN's Gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque runs best in heroic, like the DISPENSARY ; or in doggrel, like that of HUDIBRAS. I think " where the low character is to be raised,

“ the heroic is the most proper measure ;
 “ but when an hero is to be pulled down
 “ and degraded, it is best done in doggrel.”
 Thus far Mr. ADDISON. If therefore the
 heroic is the proper measure, where the low
 character is to be raised, MILTON’s style
 must be very proper in the subject here
 treated of ; because it raises the low charac-
 ter more than is possible to be done under
 the restraint of rhyme ; and the ridicule
 chiefly consists in raising that low character.
 I beg leave to add the authority of Mr.
 SMITH, in his poem upon the death of Mr.
 JOHN PHILIPS. The whole passage is so
 very fine, and gives so clear an idea of his
 manner of writing that the reader will not
 think his labour lost in running it over :

OH various bard ! you all our pow’rs controul,
 You now disturb, and now divert the soul.
 MILTON and BUTLER in thy Muse combine ;
 Above the last thy manly beauties shine.
 For as I’ve seen two rival wits contend,
 One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend ;
 That on quick turns, and points in vain relies :
 This with a look demure, and steady eyes,
 With dry rebukes and sneering praise replies :
 So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,
 Reach BUTLER’s fancy, but surpass his style.

P R E F A C E.

v

He speaks SCARRON's low phrase in humble strains;
 In thee the solemn air of great CERVANTES reigns.
 What sounding lines his abject themes express!
 What shining words the pompous SHILLING dress!
 There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
 The frailer piles, that o'er its ruins rise.
 In her best light the comic Muse appears,
 When she with borrow'd pride the buskin wears.
 So when nurse NOKES to act young AMMON tries,
 With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes,
 With dangling hands he strokes th' imperial robe,
 And with a cuckold's air commands the globe.
 The pomp, and sound, the whole buffoon display'd,
 And AMMON's son more mirth than GOMEZ made.

BUT here it may be objected, that this manner of writing contradicts the rule in HORACE :

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.

MONSIEUR BOILEAU, in his dissertation upon the JOCONDE of DE LA FONTAINE, quotes this passage in HORACE, and observes, *Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une chose grande en stile bas, aussi n'y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une bistoire comique et absurde en termes graves et serieux.* But then he justly adds this ex-

ception to the general rule in HORACE ; à moins que ce sérieux ne soit affecté tout exprès pour rendre la chose encore plus burlesque. If the observation of that celebrated critic, Monsieur DACIER, is true, HORACE himself, in the same Epistle to the PISO's, and not far distant from the rule here mentioned, has aimed to improve the burlesque by the help of the sublime, in his note upon this verse :

*Debemur morti nos nostraque ; sive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus —*

And upon the five following verses has this general remark : *Toutes ces expressions nobles qu' HORACE entasse dans ces six vers servent à rendre plus plaisante cette chute :*

Ne dum verborum flet honos. —

Car rien ne contribue tant au ridicule que le grand. He indeed would be severe upon himself alone, who should censure this way of writing, when he must plainly see, that it is affected on purpose, only to raise the ridicule, and give the reader a more agreeable enter-

entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry tale so much, at its being delivered with a grave and serious air. Our imaginations are agreeably surpris'd, and fond of a pleasure so little expected. Whereas he, who would bespeak our laughter by an affected grimace and ridiculous gestures, must play his part very well indeed, or he will fall short of the idea he has rais'd. It is true, VIRGIL was very sensible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean subject :

*Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.*

But tells us for our encouragement in another place,

*In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, siquem
Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus APOLLO.*

Mr. ADDISON is of the same opinion, and adds, that the difficulty is very much increased by writing in blank verse. “ The
“ ENGLISH and FRENCH, (says he) who al-
“ ways use the same words in verse as in
“ ordinary conversation, are forced to raise
K 3 “ their

“ their language with metaphors and figures,
 “ or by the pompousness of the whole
 “ phrase to wear off any littleness, that ap-
 “ pears in the particular parts that compose
 “ it. This makes our blank verse, where
 “ there is no rhyme to support the expres-
 “ sion, extremely difficult to such as are
 “ not masters of the tongue; especially
 “ when they write upon *low subjects*.” RE-
 MARKS UPON ITALY, p. 99. But there is
 even yet a greater difficulty behind: the
 writer in this kind of burlesque must not
 only keep up the pomp and dignity of the
 style, but an artful sneer should appear
 through the whole work; and every man
 will judge, that it is no easy matter to blend
 together the HERO and HARLEQUIN.

If any person should want a key to this
 poem, his curiosity shall be gratified: I
 shall, in plain words, tell him, “ It is a sa-
 “ tire against the luxury, the pride, the
 “ wantonness, and quarrelsome temper of
 “ the middling sort of people.” As these
 are the proper and genuine cause of that
 bare-faced knavery, and almost universal po-
 verty,

verty, which reign without controul in every place; and as to these we owe our many bankrupt farmers, our trade decayed, and lands uncultivated; the author has reason to hope that no honest man, who loves his country, will think this short reproof out of season: for, perhaps, this merry way of bantering men into virtue, may have a better effect than the most serious admonitions; since many, who are proud to be thought immoral, are not very fond of being ridiculous.

ARGUMENT of the First CANTO.

PROPOSITION. *Invocation addressed to Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS author of the CYDER POEM and SPLENDID SHILLING. Description of the Vale of EVESHAM. The seat of HOBBINOL; HOBBINOL a great man in his village, seated in his wicker smoking his pipe, has one only son. Young HOBBINOL's education, bred up with GANDERETTA his near relation. Young HOBBINOL and GANDERETTA chosen king and queen of MAY. Her dress and attendants. The MAY-GAMES. TWANGDILLO the fidler, his character. The dancing. GANDERETTA's extraordinary performance. Bagpipes good music in the HIGHLANDS. MILONIDES master of the ring, disciplines the mob; proclaims the several prizes. His speech. PASTOREL takes up his belt. His character, his heroic figure, his confidence. HOBBINOL, by permission of GANDERETTA, accepts the challenge, vaults into the ring. His honourable behaviour, escapes a scowring. GANDERETTA's agony. PASTOREL foiled. GANDERETTA not a little pleased.*

H O B B I N O L,
 O R T H E
 R U R A L G A M E S.
 C A N T O I.

W H A T old MENALCAS at his feast re-
 veal'd

I sing, strange feats of antient prowess, deeds
 Of high renown, while all his list'ning guests
 With eager joy receiv'd the pleasing tale.

O THOU *! who late on VAGA's flowery banks
 Slumb'ring secure, with STIROM † well bedew'd,
 Fallacious cask, in sacred dreams wert taught
 By antient seers, and MERLIN prophet old,
 To raise ignoble themes with strains sublime,
 Be thou my guide ! while I thy track pursue

* Mr. JOHN PHILIPS, author of the CYDER-POEM.

† Strong HEREFORDSHIRE CYDER.

With

With wing unequal, thro' the wide expanse
Advent'rous range, and emulate thy flights.

IN that rich vale *, where with DOBUNIAN †
fields

CORNAVIAN ‡ borders meet, far fam'd of old
For MONTFORT's || hapless fate, undaunted earl ;
Where from her fruitful urn AVONA pours
Her kindly torrent on the thirsty glebe,
And pillages the hills t' enrich the plains ;
On whose luxuriant banks flow'rs of all hues
Start up spontaneous ; and the teeming soil
With hasty shoots prevents its owner's pray'r :
The pamper'd wanton steer, of the sharp ax
Regardless, that o'er his devoted head
Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane,
Nor knows the price is life ; with envious eye
His lab'ring yoke-fellow beholds his plight,

* Vale of EVESHAM. † GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
‡ WORCESTERSHIRE. || SIMON DE MONTFORT,
killed at the battle of EVESHAM.

And

And deems him blest, while on his languid neck
 In solemn sloth he tugs the ling'ring plough.
 So blind are mortals, of each other's state
 Mis-judging, self-deceiv'd. Here as supreme
 Stern HOBBINOL in rural plenty reigns
 O'er wide-extended fields, his large domain.
 Th' obsequious villagers, with looks submissive
 Observant of his eye, or when with seed
 T' impregnate Earth's fat womb, or when to bring
 With clam'rous joy the bearded harvest home.

HERE, when the distant sun lengthens the nights,
 When the keen frosts the shiv'ring farmer warn
 To broach his mellow cask, and frequent blasts
 Instruct the crackling billets how to blaze,
 In his warm wicker-chair, whose pliant twigs
 In close embraces join'd, with spacious arch
 Vault this thick-woven roof, the bloated churl
 Loiters in state, each arm reclin'd is prop'd
 With yielding pillows of the softest down.

In

In mind compos'd, from short coeval tube
He sucks the vapours bland, thick curling clouds
Of smoke around his reeking temples play ;
Joyous he sits, and impotent of thought
Puffs away care, and sorrow from his heart.
How vain the pomp of kings ! Look down, ye great,
And view with envious eye the downy nest,
Where soft Repose, and calm Contentment dwell,
Unbrib'd by wealth, and unrestrain'd by pow'r,

ONE son alone had blest his bridal bed,
Whom good CALISTA bore, nor long surviv'd
To share a mother's joy, but left the babe
To his paternal care. An orphan niece
Near the same time his dying brother sent,
To claim his kind support. The helpless pair
In the same cradle slept, nurs'd up with care
By the same tender hand, on the same breasts
Alternate hung with joy ; till reason dawn'd,
And a new light broke out by slow degrees :

The

THE RURAL GAMES. 15

Then on the floor the pretty wantons play'd,
Gladding the farmer's heart with growing hopes,
And pleasures erst unfelt. Whene'er with cares
Oppress'd, when wearied, or alone he doz'd,
Their harmless prattle sooth'd his troubled soul.
Say, HOBBINOL, what extasies of joy
Trill'd thro' thy veins, when climbing for a kiss
With little palms they strok'd thy grizly beard,
Or round thy wicker whirl'd their ratt'ling cars ?
Thus from their earliest days bred up, and train'd,
To mutual fondness, with their stature grew
The thriving passion. What love can decay
That roots so deep ! Now rip'ning manhood curl'd
On the gay stripling's chin : her panting breasts,
And trembling blushes glowing on her cheeks
Her secret wish betray'd. She at each mart
All eyes attracted ; but her faithful shade,
Young HOBBINOL, ne'er wander'd from her side.
A frown from him dash'd ev'ry rival's hopes.
For he, like PELEUS son, was prone to rage,

Inexorable

Inexorable, swift like him of foot
With ease cou'd overtake his dastard foe,
Nor spar'd the suppliant wretch. And now ap-
proach'd
Those merry days, when all the nymphs and swains,
In solemn festivals and rural sports,
Pay their glad homage to the blooming spring.
Young HOBBINOL by joint consent is rais'd
T' imperial dignity, and in his hand
Bright GANDERETTA tripp'd the jovial queen
Of MAIA's gaudy month profuse of flow'rs.
From each enamel'd mead th' attendant nymphs
Loaded with od'rous spoils, from these select
Each flow'r of gorgeous dye, and garlands weave
Of party-colour'd sweets; each busy hand
Adorns the jocund queen: in her loose hair,
That to the winds in wanton ringlets plays,
The tufted COWSLIPS breathe their faint perfumes.
On her refulgent brow, as crystal clear,
As PARIAN marble smooth, NARCISSUS hangs

THE RURAL GAMES. 17

His drooping head, and views his image there,
 Unhappy flow'r ! PANSIES of various hue,
 IRIS, and HYACINTH, and ASPHODEL,
 To deck the nymph, their richest liv'ries wear,
 And lavish all their pride. Nor FLORA's self
 More lovely smiles, when to the dawning year
 Her op'ning bosom heav'nly fragrance breathes.

SEE on yon verdant lawn, the gath'ring crowd
 Thicken amain ; the buxom nymphs advance
 Usher'd by jolly clowns : distinctions cease
 Lost in the common joys, and the bold slave
 Leans on his wealthy master, unprov'd :
 The sick no pains can feel, no wants the poor.
 Round his fond mother's neck the smiling babe
 Exulting clings ; hard by decrepit age
 Prop'd on his staff with anxious thought revolves
 His pleasures past, and casts his grave remarks
 Among the heedless throng. The vig'rous youth
 Strips for the combat, hopeful to subdue

The

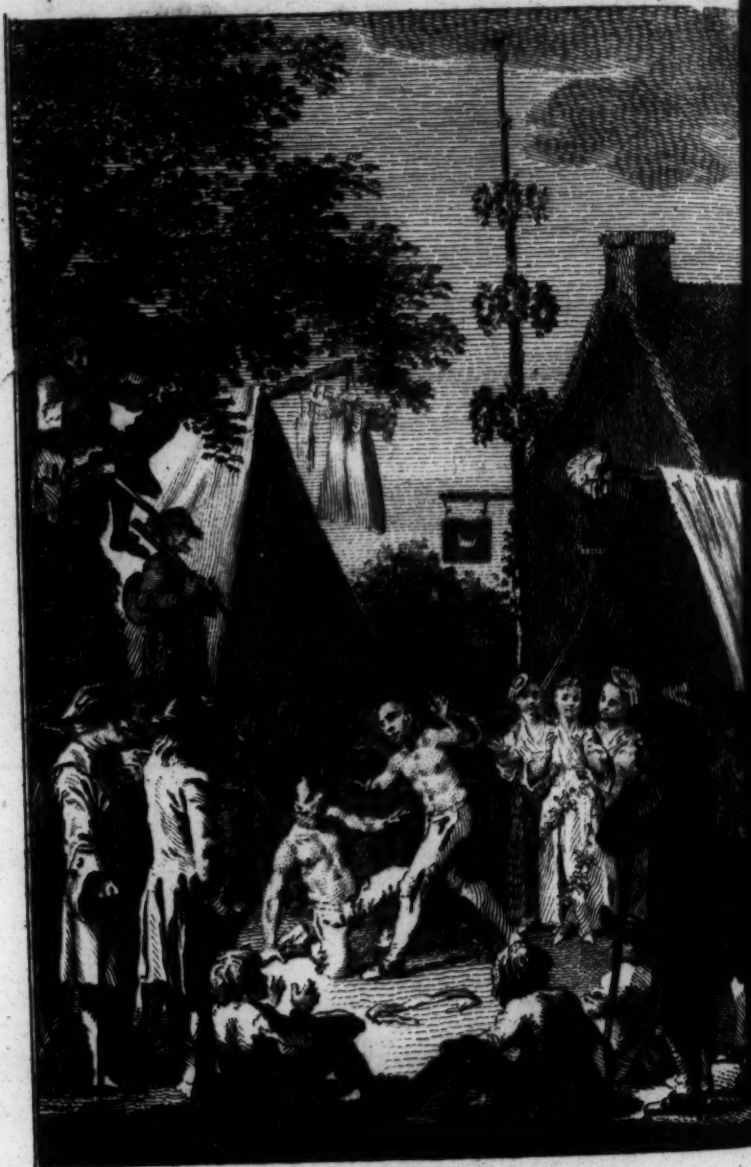
The fair one's long disdain, by valour now
Glad to convince her coy erroneous heart,
And prove his merit equal to 'her charms.
Soft pity pleads his cause; blushing she views
His brawny limbs, and his undaunted eye,
That looks a proud defiance on his foes.
Resolv'd, and obstinately firm he stands;
Danger, nor death he fears, while the rich prize
Is victory and love. On the large bough
Of a thick-spreading elm TWANGDILLO sits:
One leg on ISTER's banks the hardy swain
Left undismay'd, BELLONA's light'ning scorch'd
His manly visage, but in pity left
One eye secure. He many a painful bruise
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping wound,
For brown KATE's sake, and for his country's weal:
Yet still the merry bard without regret
Bears his own ills, and with his founding shell,
And comic phyz, relieves his drooping friends.
Hark, from aloft his tortur'd cat-gut squeals,

He

He tickles ev'ry string, to ev'ry note
 He bends his pliant neck, his single eye
 Twinkles with joy, his active stump beats time,
 Let but this subtle artist softly touch
 The trembling chords, the faint expiring swain
 Trembles no less, and the fond yielding maid
 Is tweedled into love. See with what pomp
 The gaudy bands advance in trim array !
 Love beats in ev'ry vein, from ev'ry eye
 Darts his contagious flames. They frisk, they bound
 Now to the brisk airs, and to the speaking strings:
 Attentive, in mid-way the sexes meet ;
 Joyous their adverse fronts they close, and press
 To strict embrace, as resolute to force
 And storm a passage to each other's heart :
 Till by the varying notes forewarn'd back they
 Recoil disparted : each with longing eyes
 Pursues his mate retiring, till again
 The blended sexes mix ; then hand in hand
 Fast lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel

In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,
Pleas'd with their grateful toil, incessant shake
Their uncouth brawny limbs, and knock their heels
Sonorous ; down each brow the trickling balm
In torrents flows, exhaling sweets refresh
The gazing croud, and heav'nly fragrance fills
The circuit wide. So danc'd in days of yore,
When ORPHEUS play'd a lesson to the brutes,
The list'ning savages ; the speckled pard
Dandled the kid, and with the bounding roe
The lion gambol'd. But what heav'nly Muse
With equal lays shall GANDERETTA sing,
When goddess-like she skims the verdant plain,
Gracefully gliding ? Ev'ry ravish'd eye
The nymph attracts, and ev'ry heart she wounds,
Thee most, transported HOBINOL ! Lo, now,
Now to thy op'ning arms she skuds along,
With yielding blushes glowing on her cheeks ;
And eyes that sweetly languish ; but too soon,
Too soon, alas ! she flies thy vain embrace,

But



A. Walker del. et Sculp.

But
And
That
Thy
Thy
And

T
Who
Harm
Of C
And
Enliv
Relu

F
One
MIL
For
His

THE RURAL GAMES. 21

But flies to be pursu'd; nimbly she trips,
 And darts a glance so tender, as she turns,
 That with new hopes reliev'd, thy joys revive,
 Thy stature's rais'd, and thou art more than man.
 Thy stately port, and more majestic air,
 And ev'ry sprightly motion speaks thy love.

To the loud bag-pipe's solemn voice attend,
 Whose rising winds proclaim a storm is nigh.
 Harmonious blasts! that warm the frozen blood
 Of CALEDONIA's sons to love, or war,
 And cheer their drooping hearts, robb'd of the sun's
 Enliv'ning ray, that o'er the snowy ALPS
 Reluctant peeps, and speeds to better climes.

FORTHWITH in hoary majesty appears
 One of gigantic size, but visage wan,
 MILONIDES the strong, renown'd of old
 For feats of arms, but, bending now with years,
 His trunk unwieldy from the verdant turf

He rears deliberate, and with his plant
Of toughest virgin oak in rising aids

His trembling limbs ; his bald and wrinkled front,
Entrench'd with many a glorious scar, bespeaks
Submissive rev'rence. He with count'nace grim
Boasts his past deeds, and with redoubled strokes
Marshals the crowd, and forms the circle wide.
Stern arbiter ! like some huge rock he stands,
'That breaks th' incumbent waves ; they throng-

ing press

In troops confus'd, and rear their foaming heads
Each above each, but from superior force
Shrinking repell'd, compose of stateliest view

A liquid theatre. With hands uplift,

And voice STENTORIAN, he proclaims aloud

Each rural prize. " To him whose active foot

" Foils his bold foe, and rivets him to earth,

" This pair of gloves, by curious virgin hands

" Embroider'd, seam'd with silk, and fring'd with

" gold.

" To

" To him, who best the stubborn hilts can wield,
 " And bloody marks of his displeasure leave
 " On his opponent's head, this beaver white
 " With silver edging grac'd, and scarlet plume.
 " Ye taper maidens! whose impetuous speed
 " Outflies the roe, nor bends the tender grass,
 " See here this prize, this rich lac'd smock behold,
 " White as your bosoms, as your kisses soft.
 " Blest nymph! whom bounteous Heav'n's pe-
 " culiar grace
 " Allots this pompous vest, and worthy deems
 " To win a virgin, and to wear a bride."

THE gifts refulgent dazzle all the crowd,
 In speechless admiration fix'd, unmov'd.
 Ev'n he who now each glorious palm displays,
 In sullen silence views his batter'd limbs,
 And sighs his vigour spent. Not so appall'd
 Young PASTOREL, for active strength renown'd:
 Him IDA bore, a mountain shepherdes;

On the bleak woold the new-born infant lay,
 Expos'd to winter snows, and northern blasts
 Severe. As heroes old, who from great Jove
 Derive their proud descent, so might he boast
 His line paternal : but be thou, my Muse !
 No leaky blab, nor painful umbrage give
 To wealthy 'squire, or doughty knight, or peer
 Of high degree. Him ev'ry shouting ring
 In triumph crown'd, him ev'ry champion fear'd,
 From * KIFTSGATE to remotest * HENBURY.
 High in the midst the brawny wrestler stands,
 A stately tow'ring object ; the tough belt
 Measures his ample breast, and shades around
 His shoulders broad ; proudly secure he kens
 The tempting prize, in his presumptuous thought
 Already gain'd ; with partial look the crowd
 Approve his claim. But HOBBINOL enrag'd
 To see th' important gifts so cheaply won,

* Two hundreds in GLOCESTERSHIRE.

And

And uncontested honours tamely lost,
With lowly reverence thus accosts his queen.

“ FAIR goddess ! be propitious to my vows ;
“ Smile on thy slave, nor HERCULES himself
“ Shall rob us of this palm : that boaster vain
“ Far other port shall learn.” She, with a look
That pierc’d his inmost soul, smiling applauds
His gen’rous ardour, with aspiring hope
Distends his breast, and stirs the man within :
Yet much, alas ! she fears, for much she loves.
So from her arms the PAPHIAN queen dismiss’d
The warrior god, on glorious slaughter bent,
Provok’d his rage, and with her eyes inflam’d
Her haughty paramour. Swift as the winds
Dispel the fleeting mists, at once he strips
His royal robes ; and with a frown that chill’d
The blood of the proud youth, active he bounds
High o’er the heads of multitudes reclin’d :
But as beseem’d one, whose plain honest heart,

Nor passion foul, nor malice dark as Hell,
 But honour pure, and love divine had fir'd.
 His hand presenting, on his sturdy foe
 Disdainfully he smiles ; then, quick as thought,
 With his left-hand the belt, and with his right
 His shoulder seiz'd fast griping ; his right-foot
 Essay'd the champion's strength, but firm he stood,
 Fix'd as a mountain-ash, and in his turn
 Repaid the bold affront ; his horny fist
 Fast on his back he clos'd, and shook in air
 The cumb'rous load. Nor rest, nor pause allow'd,
 Their watchful eyes instruct their busy feet ;
 They pant, they heave, each nerve, each sinew's
 strain'd,
 Grasping they close, beneath each painful gripe
 The livid tumours rise, in briny streams
 The sweat distils, and from their batter'd shins
 The clotted gore distains the beaten ground.
 Each swain his wish, each trembling nymph con-
 ceals

Her secret dread ; while ev'ry panting breast
 Alternate fears, and hopes, depress or raise.
 Thus long in dubious scale the contest hung,
 Till PASTOREL impatient of delay,
 Collecting all his force, a furious stroke
 At his left ankle aim'd ; 'twas death to fall,
 To stand impossible. O GANGERETTA !
 What horrors seize thy soul ! on thy pale cheeks
 The roses fade. But wav'ring long in air,
 Nor firm on foot, nor as yet wholly fall'n,
 On his right knee he slip'd, and nimbly 'scap'd
 The foul disgrace. Thus on the slacken'd rope
 The wingy-footed artist, frail support !
 Stands tott'ring ; now in dreadful shrieks the croud
 Lament his sudden fate, and yield him lost :
 He on his hams, or on his brawny rump
 Sliding secure, derides their vain distress.
 Up starts the vigorous HOBBINOL undismay'd,
 From mother Earth like old ANTÆUS rais'd
 With might redoubled. Clamour and applause

Shake

Shake all the neighb'ring hills, AVONA's banks:
Return him loud acclaim: with ardent eyes,
Fierce as a tyger rushing from his lair,
He grasp'd the wrist of his insulting foe.
Then with quick wheel oblique his shoulder point
Beneath his breast he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft
High o'er his head the sprawling youth he flung:
The hollow ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The crowd press forward with tumultuous din;
Those to relieve their faint expiring friend,
With gratulations these. Hands, tongues, and caps,
Outrageous joy proclaim, shrill fiddles squeak,
Hoarse bag-pipes roar, and GANDERETTA smiles.

END of the FIRST CANTO.

ARGUMENT of the Second CANTO.

THE fray. TONSORIO, COLIN, HILDEBRAND, CUDDY, CINDARAXA, TALGOL, AVARO, CUBBIN, COLLAKIN, MUNDUNGO. Sir RHADAMANTH *the justice*, attended with his guards, comes to quell the fray. RHADAMANTH's speech. Tumult appeas'd. GORGONIUS *the butcher* takes up the hilts; his character. The KIFTSGATIANS consternation, look wistfully on HOBBINOL; his speech. The cudgel-playing. GORGONIUS knock'd down, falls upon TWANGDILLO; his distress; his lamentation over his broken fiddle.

C A N T O II.

LONG while an universal hubbub loud,
Deaf'ning each ear, had drown'd each ac-
cent mild ;

Till biting taunts, and harsh opprobrious words
Vile utt'rance found. How weak are human minds !

How impotent to stem the swelling tide,

And without insolence enjoy success !

The vale-inhabitants, proud, and elate

With victory, know no restraint, but give

A loose to joy. Their champion HOBBINOL

Vaunting they raise, above that earth-born race

Of giants old, who piling hills on hills,

PELION on OSSA, with rebellious aim

Made war on JOVE. The sturdy mountaineers,

Who

Who saw their mightiest fall'n, and in his fall
Their honours past impair'd, their trophies, won
By their proud fathers, who with scorn look'd down
Upon the subject vale, sullied, despoil'd,
And levell'd with the dust, no longer bear
The keen reproach. But as when sudden fire
Seizes the ripen'd grain, whose bending ears
Invite the reaper's hand, the furious god
In sooty triumph rides dreadful, upborn
On wings of wind, that with destructive breath
Feed the fierce flames ; from ridge to ridge he bounds
Wide-wasting, and pernicious ruin spreads :
So thro' the croud from breast to breast swift flew
The propagated rage ; loud vollied oaths,
Like thunder bursting from a cloud, gave signs
Of wrath awak'd. Prompt fury soon supplied
With arms uncouth ; tough well-season'd plants
Weighty with lead infus'd, on either host
Fall thick, and heavy ; stools in pieces rent,

And chairs, and forms, and batter'd bowls are hurl'd
With fell intent ; like bombs the bottles fly
Hissing in air, their sharp-edg'd fragments drench'd
In the warm spouting gore ; heaps driv'n on heaps
Promiscuous lie. TONSORIO now advanc'd
On the rough edge of battle : his broad front
Beneath his shining helm secure, as erst
Was thine, MAMBRINO, stout IBERIAN knight !
Defied the rattling storm, that on his head
Fell innocent. A table's ragged frame
In his right-hand he bore, HERCULEAN club !
Crowds, push'd on crowds, before his potent arm
Fled ignominious ; havock, and dismay,
Hung on their rear. COLLIN a merry swain,
Blith as the soaring lark, as sweet the strains
Of his soft-warbling lips, that whistling cheer
His lab'ring team, they toss their heads well pleas'd,
In gaudy plumage deck'd, with stern disdain
Beheld this victor proud ; his gen'rous soul

Brook'd

Brook'd not the foul disgrace. High o'er his head
 His pond'rous plough-staff in both hands he rais'd;
 Erect he stood, and stretching ev'ry nerve,
 As from a forceful engine, down it fell
 Upon his hollow'd helm, that yielding sunk
 Beneath the blow, and with its sharpen'd edge
 Shear'd both his ears, they on his shoulders broad
 Hung ragged. Quick as thought the vig'rous youth
 Short'ning his staff, the other end he darts
 Into his gaping jaws. TONSORIO fled
 Sore maim'd; with pounded teeth and clotted gore
 Half-choak'd, he fled; with him the host retir'd,
 Companions of his shame; all but the stout,
 And erst unconquer'd HILDEBRAND, brave man!
 Bold champion of the hill! thy weighty blows
 Our fathers felt dismay'd; to keep thy post
 Unmov'd, whilom thy valour's choice, now sad
 Necessity compels; decrepit now
 With age, and stiff with honourable wounds,

He

He stands untterrify'd : one crutch sustains
His frame majestic, th' other in his hand
He wields tremendous ; like a mountain boar
In toils inclos'd, he dares his circling foes.
They shrink aloof, or soon with shame repent
The rash assault, the rustic heroes fall
In heaps around. CUDDY, a dextrous youth,
When force was vain, on fraudulent art rely'd :
Close to the ground low-cow'ring, unperceiv'd,
Cautious he crept, and with his crooked bill
Cut sheer the frail support, prop of his age :
Reeling a while he stood, and menac'd fierce
Th' insidious swain, reluctant now at length
Fell prone and plough'd the dust. So the tall oak,
Old monarch of the groves, that long had stood
The shock of warring winds, and the red bolts
Of angry Jove, shorn of his leafy shade
At last, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
The cruel woodman spy the friendly spur,

His only hold ; that fever'd, soon he nods,
And shakes th' incumber'd mountain as he falls.

WHEN manly-valor fail'd, a female arm
Restor'd the fight. As in th' adjacent booth
Black CINDARAXA's busy hand prepar'd
The smoaky viands, she beheld, abash'd,
The routed host, and all her dastard friends
Far scattered o'er the plain ; their shameful flight
Griev'd her proud heart, for hurry'd with the stream
Ev'n TALGOL too had fled, her darling boy.
A flaming brand from off the glowing hearth
The greasy heroine snatch'd ; o'er her pale foes
The threat'ning meteor shone, brandish'd in air,
Or round their heads in ruddy circles play'd.
Across the prostrate HILDEBRAND she strode,
Dreadfully bright : the multitude appall'd
Fled diff'rent ways, their beards, their hair in
flames.

Imprudent she pursu'd, till on the brink
Of the next pool, with force united press'd,
And waving round with huge two-handed sway
Her blazing arms, into the muddy lake
The bold virago fell. Dire was the fray
Between the warring elements ; of old
Thus MULCIBER, and XANTHUS DARDAN stream
In hideous battle join'd. Just sinking now
Into the boiling deep, with suppliant hands
She begg'd for life ; black ouse and filth obscene
Hung in her matted hair ; the shouting croud
Insult her woes, and proud of their success,
The dripping Amazon in triumph lead.
Now, like a gath'ring storm, the rally'd troops
Blacken'd the plain. Young TALGOL from their
front,
With a fond lover's haste, swift as the hind,
That, by the huntsman's voice alarm'd, had fled
Panting returns, and seeks the gloomy brake,

Where

Where her dear fawn lay hid, into the booth
 Impatient rush'd. But when the fatal tale
 He heard, the dearest treasure of his soul
 Purloin'd, his CINDY lost; stiff'ned and pale
 A while he stood; his kindling ire at length
 Burst forth implacable, and injur'd love
 Shot light'ning from his eyes; a spit he seiz'd,
 Just reeking from the fat surloin, a long,
 Unwieldy spear; then with impetuous rage
 Press'd forward on th' embattled host, that shrunk
 At his approach. The rich AVARO first,
 His fleshy rump bor'd with dishonest wounds,
 Fled bellowing; nor could his num'rous flocks,
 Nor all th' aspiring pyramids that grace
 His yard well stor'd, save the penurious clown.
 Here CUBBIN fell, and there young COLLAKIN,
 Nor his fond mother's pray'rs nor ardent vows
 Of love-sick maids could move relentless Fate.
 Where'er he rag'd, with his far-beaming lance

He thinn'd their ranks, and all their battle swerv'd
With many an inroad gor'd. Then cast around
His furious eyes, if haply he might find
The captive fair ; her in the dust he spy'd
Gro'ling, disconsolate ; those locks, that erst,
So bright, shone like the polish'd jet, defil'd
With mire impure ; thither with eager haste
He ran, he flew. But when the wretched maid
Prostrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping wounds
And welt'ring in her blood, his trembling hand
Soon drop'd the dreaded lance ; on her pale cheeks
Ghastly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing storm,
That on his bare defenceless brow fell thick
From ev'ry arm : o'erpower'd at last, down sunk
His drooping head, on her cold breast reclin'd.
Hail, faithful pair ! if ought my verse avail,
Nor Envy's spite, nor time shall e'er efface
The records of your fame ; blind BRITISH bards
In ages yet to come, on festal days

Shall

Shall chant this mournful tale, while list'ning
nymphs

Lament around, and ev'ry gen'rous heart
With active valour glows, and virtuous love.
How blind is pop'lar fury ! how perverse,
When broils intestine rage, and force controuls
Reason and law ! As the torn vessel sinks
Between the burst of adverse waves o'erwhelm'd ;
So fares it with the neutral head, between
Contending parties bruis'd, incessant peal'd
With random strokes that undiscerning fall ;
Guiltless he suffers most, who least offends.
MUNDUNGO from the bloody field retir'd,
Close in a corner plied the peaceful bowl ;
Incurious he, and thoughtless of events,
Now deem'd himself conceal'd, wrapt in the cloud
That issu'd from his mouth, and the thick fogs
That hung upon his brows ; but hostile rage
Inquisitive found out the rusty swain.

His short black tube down his furr'd throat impell'd,
Stagg'ring he reel'd, and with tenacious gripe
The bulky jordan, that before him stood,
Seiz'd falling ; that its liquid freight disgorg'd
Upon the prostrate clown ; flound'ring he lay
Beneath the muddy bev'rage whelm'd, so late
His prime delight. Thus the luxurious wasp,
Voracious insect, by the fragrant dregs
Allur'd, and in the viscous nectar plung'd,
His filmy pennons struggling flaps in vain,
Lost in a flood of sweets. Still o'er the plain
Fierce onset, and tumultuous battle spread ;
And now they fall, and now they rise, incens'd
With animated rage, while nought around
Is heard, but clamour, shout, and female cries,
And curses mix'd with groans. Discord on high
Shook her infernal scourge, and o'er their heads
Scream'd with malignant joy ; when lo ! between
The warring hosts appear'd sage RHADAMANTH,

A knight of high renown. Nor QUIXOTE bold,
 Nor AMADIS of GAUL, nor HUDIBRAS,
 Mirror of knighthood, e'er could vie with thee,
 Great sultan of the vale ! thy front severe,
 As humble INDIANS to their pagods bow,
 The clowns submit approach. THEMIS to thee
 Commits her golden balance, where she weighs
 Th' abandon'd orphan's sighs, the widow's tears ;
 By thee gives sure redress, comforts the heart
 Oppress'd with woe, and rears the suppliant knee.
 Each bold offender hides his guilty head,
 Astonish'd, when thy delegated arm
 Draws her vindictive sword ; at thy command,
 Stern minister of power supreme ! each ward
 Sends forth her brawny myrmidons, their clubs
 Blazon'd with royal arms ; dispatchful haste
 Sits earnest on each brow, and publick care.
 Encompass'd round with these his dreadful guards,
 He spurr'd his sober steed, grizzled with age,

And venerably dull ; his stirrups stretch'd
 Beneath the knightly load ; one hand he fix'd
 Upon his saddle-bow, the other palm
 Before him spread, like some grave orator
 In ATHENS, or free ROME, when eloquence
 Subdu'd mankind, and all the list'ning crowd
 Hung by their ears on his persuasive tongue.
 He thus the jarring multitude address'd.

“ NEIGHBOURS, and friends, and countrymen,
 “ the flow'r

“ Of KIFTSGATE ! ah ! what means this impious
 “ broil ?

“ Is then the haughty GAUL no more your care ?

“ Are LANDEN's plains so soon forgot, that thus

“ Ye spill that blood inglorious, waste that strength,

“ Which, well employ'd, once more might have
 “ compell'd

“ The stripling ANJOU to a shameful flight ?

“ Or

- " Or by your great forefathers taught, have fix'd
 " The BRITISH standard on LUTETIAN tow'rs?
 " O fight odious, detestable! O times
 " Degenerate, of ancient honour void!
 " This fact so foul, so riotous, insults
 " All law, all sov'reign pow'r, and calls aloud
 " For vengeance; but, my friends! too well ye
 " know,
 " How slow this arm to punish, and how bleeds
 " This heart, when forc'd on rigorous extremes.
 " O countrymen! all, all, can testify
 " My vigilance, my care for publick good.
 " I am the man, who by your own free choice
 " Select from all the tribes, in senates rul'd
 " Each warm debate, and emptied all my stores
 " Of ancient science in my country's cause.
 " Wise TACITUS, of penetration deep,
 " Each secret spring reveal'd, THUANUS bold
 " Breath'd liberty, and all the mighty dead,
 " Rais'd

“ Rais’d at my call, the BRITISH rights confirm’d ;

“ While MUSGRAVE, HOW, and SEYMOUR

“ sneer’d in vain.

“ I am the man, who from the bench exalt

“ This voice, still grateful to your ears, this voice

“ Which breathes for you alone. Where is the

“ wretch

“ Distress’d, who in the cobwebs of the law

“ Entangled, and in subtile problems lost,

“ Seeks not to me for aid ! In shoals they come

“ Neglected, feeble clients, nor return

“ Unedify’d ; scarce greater multitudes

“ At DELPHI sought the god, to learn their fate

“ From his dark oracles. I am the man,

“ Whose watchful providence beyond the date

“ Of this frail life extends, to future times

“ Beneficent ; my useful schemes shall steer

“ The common-weal in ages yet to come.

“ Your children’s children, taught by me, shall keep

“ Their

" Their rights inviolable : and as ROME
 " The Sibyl's sacred books, tho' wrote on leaves
 " And scatter'd o'er the ground, with pious awe
 " Collected ; so your sons shall glean with care
 " My hallow'd fragments, ev'ry scrip divine
 " Consult intent, of more intrinsic worth
 " Than half a VATICAN. Hear me, my friends !
 " Hear me, my countrymen ! Oh suffer not
 " This hoary head, employ'd for you alone,
 " To sink with sorrow to the grave." He spake,
 And veil'd his bonnet to the crowd. As when
 The sov'reign of the floods o'er the rough deep
 His awful trident shakes, its fury falls,
 The warring billows on each hand retire,
 And foam, and rage no more. All now is hush'd,
 The multitude appeas'd ; a chearful dawn
 Smiles on the fields, the waving throng subsides,
 And the loud tempest sinks, becalm'd in peace.

GORGONIUS now with haughty strides advanc'd,
A gauntlet seiz'd, firm on his guard he stood
A formidable foe, and dealt in air
His empty blows, a prelude to the fight.
Slaughter his trade; full many a pamper'd ox
Fell by his fatal hand, the bulky beast
Dragg'd by his horns, oft at one deadly blow,
His iron fist descending crush'd his skull,
And left him spurning on the bloody floor,
While at his feet the guiltless axe was laid.
In dubious fight of late one eye he lost,
Bor'd from its orb, and the next glancing stroke
Bruis'd fore the rising arch, and bent his nose :
Nathless he triumph'd on the well-fought stage,
HOCKLEIAN hero ! Nor was more deform'd
The CYCLOPS blind, nor of more monstrous size,
Nor his void orb more dreadful to behold,
Weeping the putrid gore, severe revenge
Of subtile ITHACUS. Terribly gay

In

In his buff doublet, larded o'er with fat
 Of slaughter'd brutes, the well-oil'd champion
 shone.

Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a frown
 Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy foe.

For now each combatant, that erst so bold
 Vaunted his manly deeds, in pensive mood

Hung down his head, and fix'd on earth his eyes,

Pale and dismay'd. On HOBBIOL at last

Intent they gaze, in him alone their hope,

Each eye solicits him, each panting heart

Joins in the silent suit. Soon he perceiv'd

Their secret wish, and eas'd their doubting minds,

“ YE men of KIFTSGATE! whose wide spread-

“ ing fame

“ In antient days were sung from shore to shore,

“ To BRITISH bards of old a copious theme;

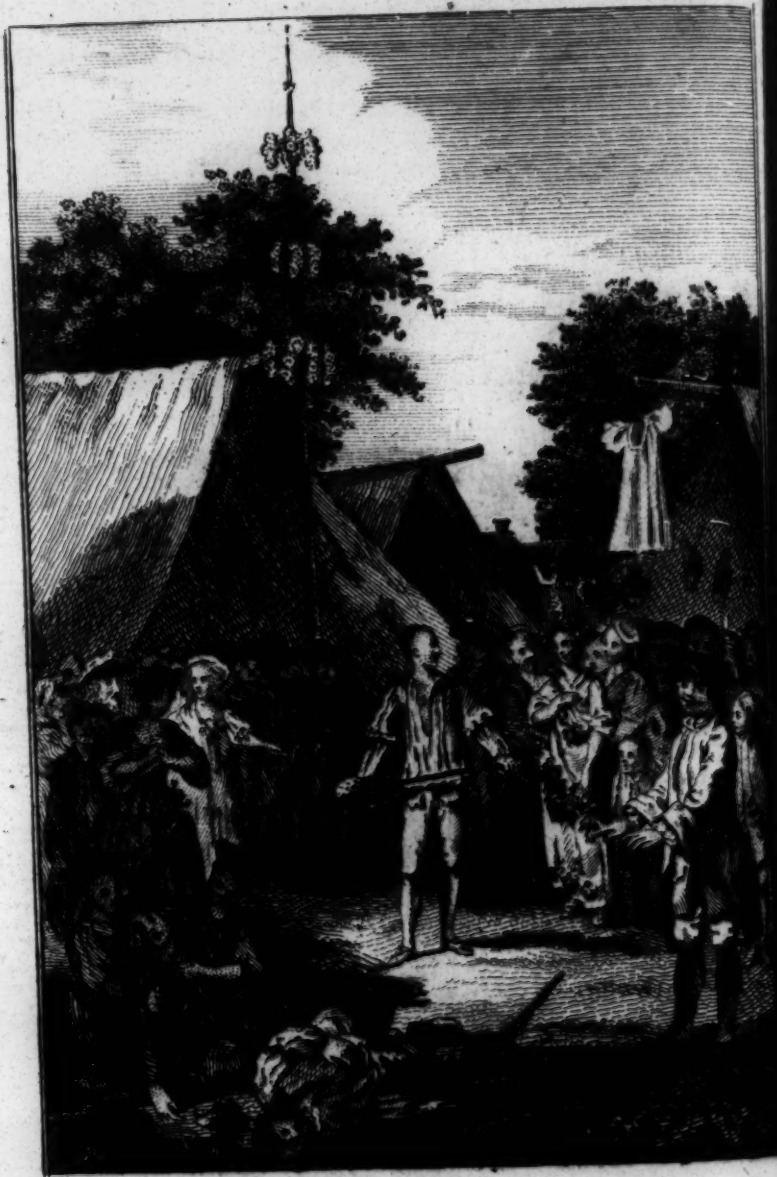
“ Too well, alas! in your pale cheeks I view

“ Your

“ Your dastard souls. O mean, degen’rate race !
“ But since on me ye call, each suppliant eye
“ Invites my sov’reign aid, lo ! here I come,
“ The bulwark of your fame, tho’ scarce my brows
“ Are dry from glorious toils, just now atchiev’d,
“ To vindicate your worth. Lo ! here I swear,
“ By all my great forefathers fair renown,
“ By that illustrious wicker, where they sat
“ In comely pride, and in triumphant sloth
“ Gave law to passive clowns ; or on this spot
“ In glory’s prime, young H O B B I N O L expires,
“ And from his dearest G A N D E R E T T A’s arms
“ Sink’s to Death’s cold embrace ; or by this hand
“ That stranger, big with insolence, shall fall
“ Prone on the ground, and do your honour
“ right.”

FORTHWITH the hilts he seiz’d ; but on his arm
Fond G A N D E R E T T A hung, and round his neck

Curl’d



A. Walker del. et Sculp.

Curl'd in a soft embrace. Honour and love
A doubtful contest wag'd, but from her soon
He sprung relentless, all her tears were vain,
Yet oft he turn'd, oft sigh'd, thus pleading mild :

“ ILL should I merit these imperial robes,
“ Ensigns of majesty, by gen'ral voice
“ Conferr'd, should pain, or death itself avail
“ To shake the steady purpose of my soul.
“ Peace, fair one ! Heaven will protect the man,
“ By thee held dear, and crown thy gen'rous love.”

HER from the lifted field the matrons sage
Reluctant drew, and with fair speeches sooth'd.

Now front to front the fearless champions meet;
GORGONIUS like a tow'r, whose cloudy top
Invades the skies, stood low'ring ; far beneath
The stripping HOBBINOL with careful eye

Each

Each op'ning scans, and each unguarded space
Measures intent. While negligently bold,
The bulky combatant, whose heart elate
Disdain'd his puny foe, now fondly deem'd
At one decisive stroke to win, unhurt,
An easy victory ; down came at once
The pond'rous plant, with fell malicious rage,
Aim'd at his head direct ; but the tough hilts,
Swift interpos'd, elude his effort vain.
The cautious HOBINOL, with ready feet,
Now shifts his ground, retreating ; then again
Advances bold and his unguarded shins
Batters secure ; each well-directed blow
Bites to the quick ; thick as the falling hail,
The strokes redoubled peal his hollow sides:
The multitude amaz'd with horror view
The rattling storm, shrink back at ev'ry blow,
And seem to feel his wounds ; inly he groan'd,
And gnash'd his teeth, and from his blood-shot eye

Red

Red lightning flash'd the fierce tumultuous rage
 Shook all his mighty fabric ; once again
 Erect he stands, collected, and resolv'd
 To conquer, or to die : swift as the bolt
 Of angry Jove, the weighty plant descends.
 But wary HOBBINOL, whose watchful eye
 Perceiv'd his kind intent, slip'd on one side,
 Declining ; the vain stroke from such an height,
 With such a force impell'd, headlong drew down
 Th' unwieldy champion : on the solid ground
 He fell rebounding breathless, and astunn'd,
 His trunk extended lay ; fore maim'd from out
 His heaving breast, he belch'd a crimson flood,
 Full leisurely he rose, but conscious shame
 Of honour lost his failing strength renew'd.
 Rage, and revenge, and ever-during hate,
 Blacken'd his stormy front ; rash, furious, blind,
 And lavish of his blood, of random strokes
 He laid on load ; without design or art

Onward he press'd outrageous, while his foes
Encircling wheels, or inch by inch retires,
Wise niggard of his strength. Yet all thy care,
O HOBBINOL ! avail'd not to prevent
One hapless blow ; o'er his strong guard the plant
Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty point impress'd
His nervous chine ; he wreath'd him to and fro
Convolv'd, yet thus distress'd, intrepid bore
His hilts aloft, and guarded well his head.
So when the unwary clown, with hasty step,
Crushes the folded snake, her wounded parts
Gro'ling she trails along, but her high crest
Erect she bears ; in all its speckled pride,
She swells inflam'd, and with her forked tongue
Threatens destruction. With like eager haste,
Th' impatient HOBBINOL, whose excessive pain
Stung to his heart, a speedy vengeance vow'd,
Nor wanted long the means ; a feint he made
With well-dissembled guile, his batter'd shins

Mark'd

Mark'd with his eyes, and menac'd with his plant.
 GORGONIUS, whose long-suff'ring legs scarce bore
 His cumb'rous bulk, to his supporters frail
 Indulgent, soon the friendly hilts oppos'd;
 Betray'd, deceiv'd, on his unguarded crest
 The stroke delusive fell; a dismal groan
 Burst from his hollow chest; his trembling hands
 Forsook the hilts, across the spacious ring
 Backward he reel'd, the crowd affrighted fly
 T' escape the falling ruin. But, alas!
 'Twas thy hard fate, TWANGDILLO! to receive
 His pond'rous trunk; on thee, on helpless thee,
 Headlong, and heavy, the foul monster fell.
 Beneath a mountain's weight, th' unhappy bard
 Lay prostrate, nor was more renown'd thy song,
 O feer of THRACE! nor more severe thy fate.
 His vocal shell, the solace and support
 Of wretched age, gave one melodious-scream,
 And in a thousand fragemnts strew'd the plain.

The nymphs, sure friends to his harmonious mirth,
Fly to his aid, his hairy breast expose
To each refreshing gale, and with soft hands
His temples chafe; at their persuasive touch
His fleeting soul returns; upon his rump
He sat disconsolate; but when, alas!
He view'd the shatter'd fragments, down again
He sunk expiring; by their friendly care
Once more reviv'd, he thrice assay'd to speak,
And thrice the rising sobs his voice subdu'd:
Till thus at last his wretched plight he mourn'd.

“ SWEET instrument of mirth! sole comfort left
“ To my declining years! whose sprightly notes
“ Restor'd my vigour, and renew'd my bloom,
“ Soft healing balm to ev'ry wounded heart!
“ Despairing, dying swains, from the cold ground
“ Uprais'd by thee, at thy melodious call,
“ With ravish'd ears receiv'd the flowing joy.

“ Gay

" Gay pleasantry, and care-beguiling joke,
 " Thy sure attendants were, and at thy voice
 " All nature smil'd. But, oh this hand no more
 " Shall touch thy wanton strings, no more with lays
 " Alternate, from oblivion dark redeem
 " The mighty dead, and vindicate their fame.
 " Vain are thy toils, O HOBBINOL ! and all
 " Thy triumphs vain. Who shall record, brave man !
 " Thy bold exploits ? Who shall thy grandeur tell,
 " Supreme of KIFTSGATE ? See thy faithful bard,
 " Despoil'd, undone. O cover me, ye hills !
 " Whose vocal cliffs were taught my joyous song.
 " Or thou, fair nymph, AVONA, on whose banks
 " The frolick crowd, led by my num'rous strains,
 " Their orgies keep'd, and frisk'd it o'er the green,
 " Jocund, and gay, while thy remurm'ring streams
 " Danc'd by, well pleas'd. Oh ! let thy friendly
 " waves
 " O'erwhelm a wretch, and hide this head ac-
 " curs'd."

So plains the restless PHILOMEL, her nest,
And callow young, the tender growing hope
Of future harmony, and frail return
For all her cares, to barb'rous churls a prey ;
Darkling she sings, the woods repeat her moan.

END of the SECOND CANTO.

ARGUMENT of the Third CANTO.

GOOD eating expedient for heroes. HOMER praised for keeping a table. HOBBINOL triumphant. GANDERETTA's bill of fare. Panegyrick upon ale. Gossiping over a bottle. Compliment to Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS. GANDERETTA's perplexity discovered by HOBBINOL ; his consolatory speech ; compares himself to GUY Earl of WARWICK. GANDERETTA encouraged, strips for the race ; her amiable figure. FUSCA the gypsy, her dirty figure. TABITHA her great reputation for speed ; hired to the dissenting academy at TEWKSBURY. A short account of GAMALIEL the master, and his hopeful scholars. TABITHA carries weight. The smock race. TABITHA's fall. FUSCA's short triumph, her humiliation. GANDERETTA's matchless speech. HOBBINOL lays the prize at her feet. Their mutual triumph. The vicissitude of human affairs, experienced by HOBBINOL. MOPSA, formerly his servant, with her two children appears to him. MOPSA's speech ; assaults GANDERETTA ; her flight. HOBBINOL's prodigious fright ; is taken into custody by constables, and dragged to Sir RHADAMANTH'S.

C A N T O III.

TH O' some of old, and some of modern date,
 Penurious their victorious heroes fed
 With barren praise alone; yet thou, my Muse!
 Benevolent, with more indulgent eyes
 Behold th' immortal HOBBINOL; reward
 With due regalement his triumphant toils.
 Let QUIXOTE's hardy courage, and renown,
 With SANCHE's prudent care be meetly join'd,

O THOU of bards supreme, MÆONIDES!
 What well-fed heroes grace thy hallow'd page!
 Laden with glorious spoils, and gay with blood
 Of slaughter'd hosts, the victor chief returns.
 Whole TROY before him fled, and men, and gods,
 Oppos'd

Oppos'd in vain. For the brave man, whose arm
 Repell'd his country's wrong, ev'n he, the great
 ATRIDES, king of kings, even he prepares
 With his own royal hand the sumptuous feast.
 Full to the brim, the brazen cauldrons smoke,
 Thro' all the busy camp the rising blaze
 Attest their joy; heroes, and kings forego
 Their state, and pride, and at his elbow wait
 Obsequious. On a polish'd charger plac'd,
 The bulky chine with plenteous fat inlaid,
 Of golden hue, magnificently shines.
 The choicest morsels sever'd to the gods,
 The hero next, well paid for all his wounds,
 The rich repast divides with Jove; from out
 The sparkling bowl he draws the gen'rous wine,
 Unmix'd, unmeasur'd; with unstinted joy
 His heart o'erflows. In like triumphant port
 Sat the victorious HOBBINOL; the crowd
 Transported view, and bless their glorious chief:

All

All KIFTSGATE sounds his praise with joint acclaim.

Him ev'ry voice, him ev'ry knee confess,
In merit, as in right, their king. Upon
The flow'ry turf, Earth's painted lap, are spread
The rural dainties ; such as Nature boon
Presents with lavish hand, or such as owe
To GANDERETTA's care their grateful taste,
Delicious. For she long since prepar'd
To celebrate this day, and with good cheer
To grace his triumphs. Crystal gooseberries
Are pil'd on heaps ; in vain the parent tree
Defends her luscious fruit with pointed spears.
The ruby-tinctur'd corinth clust'ring hangs,
And emulates the grape ; green codlings float
In dulcet creams ; nor wants the last year's store,
The hardy nut, in solid mail secure,
Impregnable to winter frosts, repays
Its hoarder's care. The custard's gellied flood

Impatient

THE RURAL GAMES. 61

Impatient youth, with greedy joy, devours.
Cheefecakes and pies, in various forms uprais'd,
In well-built pyramids, aspiring stand.

Black hams, and tongues, that speechless can per-
suade

To ply the brisk carouse, and chear the soul
With jovial draughts. Nor does the jolly god
Deny his precious gifts ; here jocund swains,
In uncouth mirth delighted, sporting quaff
Their native bev'rage ; in the brimming glass
The liquid amber smiles. BRITONS, no more
Dread your invading foes ; let the false GAUL,
Of rule insatiate, potent to deceive,
And great by subtle wiles, from th' adverse shore
Pour forth his num'rous hosts ; IBERIA ! join
Thy tow'ring fleets, once more aloft display
Thy consecrated banners, fill thy sails
With pray'rs and vows, most formidably strong
In holy trump'ry, let old Ocean groan

Beneath

Beneath the proud ARMADA vainly deem'd
Invincible ; yet fruitless all their toils,
Vain ev'ry rash effort, while our fat glebe,
Of barley-grain productive, still supplies
The flowing treasure, and with sums immense
Supports the throne ; while this rich cordial warms
The farmer's courage, arms his stubborn soul
With native honour, and resistless rage.
Thus vaunt the crowd, each freeborn heart o'er-
flows

With BRITAIN's glory, and his country's love.

HERE, in a merry knot combin'd, the nymphs
Pour out mellifluous streams, the balmy spoils
Of the laborious bee. The modest maid
But coyly sips, and blushing drinks, abash'd :
Each lover with observant eye beholds
Her graceful shame, and at her glowing cheeks
Rekindles all his fires, but matrons sage,

Better

Better experienc'd, and instructed well
 In midnight mysteries, and feast-rites old,
 Grasp the capacious bowl; nor cease to draw
 The spumy nectar. Healths of gay import
 Fly merrily about; now Scandal fly
 Insinuating gilds the specious tale
 With treach'rous praise, and with a double face
 Ambiguous Wantonneſs demurely sneers:
 Till circling brimmers ev'ry veil withdraw,
 And dauntleſs Impudence appears unmask'd.
 Others apart, in the cool ſhade retir'd,
 SILURIAN cyder quaff, by that great bard
 Ennobled, who firſt taught my grov'ling Muſe
 To mount aerial. O! could I but raiſe
 My feeble voice to his exalted ſtrains,
 Or to the height of this great argument,
 The gen'rous liquid in each line ſhou'd bound
 Spirit'ous, nor oppreſſive cork ſubdue
 Its foaming rage; but to the lofty theme
 Unequal, Muſe, decline the pleaſing taſk.

THUS

THUS they luxurious, on the grassy turf,
Revell'd at large : while nought around was heard
But mirth confus'd, and undistinguish'd joy,
And laughter far resounding ; serious Care
Found here no place, to GANDERETTA's breast
Retiring ; there with hopes, and fears perplex'd
Her fluctuating mind. Hence the soft sigh
Escapes unheeded, spight of all her art ;
The trembling blushes on her lovely cheeks,
Alternate ebb, and flow ; from the full glass
She flies abstemious, shuns th' untasted feast :
But careful HOBBINOL, whose am'rous eye
From hers ne'er wander'd, haunting still the place
Where his dear treasure lay, discover'd soon
Her secret woe, and bore a lover's part.
Compassion melts his soul, her glowing cheeks
He kiss'd, enamour'd, and her panting heart
He press'd to his ; then with these soothing words,
Tenderly smiling, her faint hopes reviv'd.

“ COURAGE

THE RURAL GAMES. 65

“ COURAGE, my Fair ! the splendid prize is
“ thine.

“ Indulgent Fortune will not damp our joys,

“ Nor blast the glories of this happy day.

“ Hear me, ye swains ! Ye men of KIFTSGATE !

“ hear :

“ Tho’ great the honours by your hands conferr’d,

“ These royal ornaments, tho’ great the force

“ Of this puissant arm, as all must own,

“ Who saw this day the bold GORGONIUS fall ;

“ Yet were I more renown’d for feats of arms,

“ And knightly prowess, than that mighty GUY,

“ So fam’d in antique song, WARWICK’s great earl

“ Who slew the gaint COLBRAND, in fierce fight

“ Maintain’d a summer’s day, and freed this realm

“ From DANISH vassalage ; his pond’rous sword,

“ And massy spear, attest the glorious deed ;

“ Nor less his hospitable soul is seen

“ In that capacious cauldron, whose large freight

“ Might

“ Might feast a province ; yet were I like him
“ The nation’s pride, like him I cou’d forego
“ All earthly grandeur, wander thro’ the world
“ A jocund pilgrim, in the lonesome den,
“ And rocky cave, with these my royal hands
“ Scoop the cold streams, with herbs, and roots
“ content,
“ Mean sustenance ; could I by this but gain
“ For the dear Fair, the prize her heart desires.
“ Believe me, charming maid ! I’d be a worm,
“ The meanest insect, and the lowest thing
“ The world despises, to enhance thy fame.”
So cheer’d he his fair queen, and she was cheer’d.

Now with a noble confidence inspir’d,
Her looks assure success, now stripp’d of all
Her cumb’rous vestments, beauty’s vain disguise,
She shines unclouded in her native charms.
Her plaited hair behind her in a brede

Hung

Hung careless, with becoming grace each blush
 Varied her cheeks, than the gay rising dawn
 More lovely, when the new-born light salutes
 The joyful Earth, impurpling half the skies.
 Her heaving breast, thro' the thin cov'ring view'd,
 Fix'd each beholder's eye ; her taper thighs,
 And lineaments exact, wou'd mock the skill
 Of PHIDIAS ; Nature alone can form
 Such due proportion. To compare with her
 OREAD, or DRYAD, or of DELIA's train,
 Fair virgin huntress, for the chace array'd
 With painted quiver, and unerring bow,
 Were but to lessen her superior mien,
 And goddess-like deport. The master's hand,
 Rare artisan ! with proper shades improves
 His lively colouring ; so here, to grace
 Her brighter charms, next her upon the plain
 FUSCA the brown appears, with greedy eye
 Views the rich prize, her tawny front erects

Audacious, and with her legs unclean,
Booted with grim, and with her freckled skin
Offends the crowd. She of the Gypsy train
Had wander'd long, and the sun's scorching rays
Imbrown'd her visage grim; artful to view
The spreading palm, and with vile cant deceive
The love-sick maid, who barters all her store
For airy visions and fallacious hope.

GORGONIUS, if the current fame say true,
Her comrade once, they many a merry prank
Together play'd, and many a mile had stroll'd,
For him fit mate. Next TABITHA the tall
Strode o'er the plain, with huge gigantick pace,
And overlook'd the crowd, known far and near
For matchless speed; she many a prize had won,
Pride of that neighb'ring * mart, for mustard fam'd,
Sharp-biting grain, where amicably join

* TEWKSBURY in the Vale of Evesham, where the
AVON runs into the SEVERN.

THE RURAL GAMES. 69

The sister floods, and with their liquid arms
 Greeting embrace. Here GAMALIEL sage,
 Of CAMERONIAN brood, with ruling rod
 Trains up his babes of grace, instructed well
 In all the gainful discipline of pray'r,
 To point the holy leer, by just degrees
 To close the twinkling eye, t' expand the palms,
 T' expose the whites, and with the sightless ball
 To glare upon the crowd, to raise, or sink
 The docile voice, now murm'ring soft and low
 With inward accent calm, and then again
 In foaming floods of rapt'rous eloquence,
 Let loose the storm, and thunder thro' the nose
 The threat'ned vengeance: ev'ry muse profane
 Is banish'd hence, and HELICONIAN streams
 Deserted, the fam'd LEMAN lake supplies
 More plenteous draughts, of more divine import.
 Hail, happy youths! on whom indulgent Heav'n
 Each grace divine bestows, nor yet denies

Carnal beatitudes, sweet privilege
Of saints elect ! Royal prerogative !
Here in domestick cares employ'd and bound
To annual servitude, frail TABITHA
Her pristine vigour lost, now mourns in vain
Her sharpen'd visage, and the sickly qualms
That grieve her soul ; a prey to Love, while Grace
Slept heedless by : yet her undaunted mind
Still meditates the prize, and still she hopes,
Beneath th' unwieldy load, her wonted speed ;
Others of meaner fame the stately Muse
Records not ; on more lofty flights intent
She spurns the ground, and mounts her native skies,

Room for the master of the ring ; ye swains !
Divide your crowded ranks. See ! there on high
The glitt'ring prize, on the tall standard born,
Waving in air ; before him march in files
The rural minstrelsy, the rattling drum

THE RURAL GAMES. 71

Of solemn sound, and th' animating horn,
 Each huntsman's joy; the tabor and the pipe,
 Companion dear at feasts, whose chearful notes
 Give life, and motion to th' unwieldy clown.
 Ev'n Age revives, and the pale pinking maid
 Feels ruddy health rekindling on her cheeks,
 And with new vigour trips it o'er the plain.
 Counting each careful step, he paces o'er
 Th' allotted ground, and fixes at the goal
 His standard, there himself majestic swells.
 Stretch'd in a line, the panting rivals wait
 Th' expected signal, with impatient eyes
 Measure the space between, and in conceit
 Already grasp the warm-contested prize.
 Now all at once rush forward to the goal,
 And step by step, and side by side, they ply
 Their busy feet, and leave the crowd behind.
 Quick heaves each breast, and quick they shoot
 along,

Thro' the divided air, and bound it o'er the plain,
To this, to that, capricious Fortune deals
Short hopes, short fears, and momentary joy.
The breathless throng with open throats pursue,
And broken accents shout imperfect praise.
Such noise confus'd is heard, such wild uproar,
When on the main the swelling surges rise,
Dash o'er the rocks, and hurrying thro' the flood,
Drive on each others backs, and crowd the strand.
Before the rest tall TABITHA was seen,
Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the field;
Swift as the shooting star that gilds the night
With rapid transient blaze, she runs, she flies;
Sudden she stops, nor longer can endure
The painful course, but drooping sinks away,
And like that falling meteor, there she lies
A jelly cold on earth. FUSCA, with joy,
Beheld her wretched plight; o'er the pale corse
Insulting bounds; Hope gave her wings, and now
Exerting

Exerting all her speed, step after step,
 At GANDERETTA's elbow urg'd her way,
 Her shoulder pressing, and with pois'nous breath
 Tainting her iv'ry neck. Long while had held
 The sharp contest, had not propitious Heav'n,
 With partial hands, to such transcendent charms
 Dispens'd its favours. For as o'er the green
 The careless Gypsy, with incautious speed,
 Push'd forward, and her rival Fair had reach'd
 With equal pace, and only not o'erpass'd :
 Haply she treads, where late the merry train,
 In wasteful luxury, and wanton joy,
 Lavish had spilt the cyder's frothy flood,
 And mead with custard mix'd. Surpriz'd, appall'd,
 And in the treach'rous puddle struggling long,
 She slipp'd, she fell, upon her back supine
 Extended lay ; the laughing multitude
 With noisy scorn approv'd her just disgrace.
 As the sleek lev'ret skims before the pack,

So flies the nymph, and so the crowd pursue.
Born on the wings of wind the Dear One flies,
Swift as the various goddesses, nor less bright
In beauty's prime; when thro' the yielding air
She darts along, and with refracted rays
Paints the gay clouds; celestial messenger,
Charg'd with the high behests of Heav'n's great
queen!

Her at the goal with open arms receiv'd
Fond HOBBINOL; with active leap he seiz'd
The costly prize, and laid it at her feet.
Then pausing stood, dumb with excess of joy,
Expressive silence! for each tender glance
Betray'd the raptures that his tongue conceal'd.
Less mute the crowd, in echoing shouts, applaud
Her speed, her beauty, his obsequious love,

UPON a little eminence, whose top
O'er look'd the plain, a steep, but short ascent,

Plac'd

Plac'd in a chair of state, with garlands crown'd,
 And loaded with the fragrance of the spring,
 Fair GANDERETTA shone; like mother EVE
 In her gay sylvan lodge, delicious bow'r!
 Where Nature's wanton hand, above the reach
 Of rule, or art, had lavish'd all her store,
 To deck the flow'ry roof; and at her side,
 Imperial HOBBINOL, with front sublime
 Great as a ROMAN consul, just return'd
 From cities sack'd, and provinces laid waste,
 In his paternal wicker sat, enthron'd.
 With eager eyes the crowd about them press,
 Ambitious to behold the happy pair.
 Each voice, each instrument, proclaims their joy
 With loudest vehemence: such noise is heard,
 Such a tumultuous din, when at the call
 Of BRITAIN'S sovereign, the rustick bands
 O'erspread the fields; the subtile candidates
 Dissembled homage pay, and court the fools

Whom

Whom they despise ; each proud majestic clown
Looks big, and shouts again, mad with the taste
Of pow'r supreme, frail empire of a day !
That with the setting sun extinct is lost.

NOR is thy grandeur, mighty HOBBINOL !
Of longer date. Short is, alas ! the reign
Of mortal pride : we play our parts a while,
And strut upon the stage ; the scene is chang'd,
And offers us a dungeon for a throne.
Wretched vicissitude ! for after all
His tinsel dreams of empire and renown,
Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at once
The goodly prospect, to his eyes presents
Her, whom his conscious soul abhorr'd, and fear'd.
Lo ! pushing thro' the crowd, a meagre form,
With hasty step, and visage incompas'd !
Wildly she star'd ; rage sparkled in her eyes,
And Poverty sat shrinking on her cheeks.

Yet

Yet thro' the cloud that hung upon her brows,
 A faded lustre broke, that dimly shone
 Shorn of its beams, the ruins of a face,
 Impair'd by time, and shatter'd by misfortunes.
 A froward babe hung at her flabby breast,
 And tugg'd for life; but wept, with hideous moan,
 His frustrate hopes, and unavailing pains.
 Another o'er her bending shoulder peep'd,
 Swaddled around with rags of various hue.
 He kens his comrade-twin with envious eye,
 As of his share defrauded; then amain
 He also screams, and to his brother's cries,
 In doleful concert joins his loud laments.
 O dire effect of lawless love! O sting
 Of Pleasure past! As when a full-freight ship,
 Blest in a rich return of pearls or gold,
 Or fragrant spice, or silks of costly dye,
 Makes to the wish'd-for port with swelling sails,
 And all her gaudy trim display'd; o'erjoy'd

The

The master smiles ; but if from some small creek,
A lurking corsair the rich quarry spies,
With all her sails bears down upon her prey,
And peals of thunder from her hollow sides
Check his triumphant course ; aghast he stands,
Stiffen'd with fear, unable to resist,
And impotent to fly ; all his fond hopes
Are dash'd at once ; nought now, alas ! remains
But the sad choice of slavery, or death.
So far'd it with the hapless HOBINOL,
In the full blaze of his triumphant joy
Surpris'd by her, whose dreadful face alone
Cou'd shake his steadfast soul. In vain he turns,
And shifts his place averse ; she haunts him still,
And glares upon him, with her haggard eyes,
That fiercely spoke her wrongs. Words swell'd
with sighs
At length burst forth, and thus she storms enrag'd.

“ KNOW’ST

"KNOW'ST thou not me? false man! not to

"know me

"Argues thyself unknowing of thyself,

"Puff'd up with pride, and bloated with success,

"Is injur'd MOPSA then so soon forgot?

"Thou knew'st me once, ah! woe is me! thou

"did'st.

"But if laborious days, and sleepless nights,

"If hunger, cold, contempt, and penury,

"Inseparable guests, have thus disguis'd

"Thy once belov'd, thy handmaid dear; if thine

"And Fortune's frowns have blasted all my charms;

"If here no roses grow, no lilies bloom,

"Nor rear their heads on this neglected face;

"If thro' the world I range a slighted shade,

"The ghost of what I was, forlorn, unknown;

"At least know these. See! this sweet-simp'ring

"babe,

"Dear image of thyself; see! how it sprunts

"With

“ With joy at thy approach ! see, how it gilds
“ Its soft smooth face, with false paternal smiles !
“ Native deceit, from thee, base man, deriv’d !
“ Or view this other elf, in ev’ry art
“ Of smiling fraud, in ev’ry treach’rous leer,
“ The very HOBBINOL ! Ah ! cruel man !
“ Wicked, ingrate ! And cou’d’st thou then so soon,
“ So soon forget that pleasing fatal night,
“ When me beneath the flow’ry thorn surpriz’d,
“ Thy artful wiles betray’d ? Was there a star,
“ By which thou didst not swear ? Was there a curse,
“ A plague on earth, thou didst not then invoke
“ On that devoted head ; if e’er thy heart
“ Prov’d haggard to my love, if e’er thy hand
“ Declin’d the nuptial bond ? But, oh ! too well,
“ Too well, alas ! my throbbing breast perceiv’d
“ The black impending storm ; the conscious moon
“ Veil’d in a fable cloud her modest face,
“ And boding owls proclaim’d the dire event.

“ And

“ And yet I love thee.—Oh ! cou’d’st thou behold

“ That image dwelling in my heart ! But why ?

“ Why waste I here these unavailing tears ?

“ On this thy minion, on this tawdry thing,

“ On this gay victim, thus with garlands crown’d,

“ All, all my vengeance fall ! Ye lightnings blast

“ That face accur’d, the source of all my woe !

“ Arm, arm, ye furies ! arm ; all Hell break loose !

“ While thus I lead you to my just revenge,

“ And thus”—Up starts th’ astonish’d HOBINOL

To save his better half. “ Fly, fly, he cries,

“ Fly, my dear life, the fiend’s malicious rage.”

Born on the wings of fear away she bounds,

And in the neighb’ring village pants forlorn.

So the cours’d hare to the close covert flies,

Still trembling, tho’ secure. POOR HOBINOL

More grievous ills attend, around him press

A multitude, with huge HERCULEAN clubs,

Terrific band ! the royal mandate these

Insulting

Insulting shew : arrested, and amaz'd,
Half dead he stands ; no friends dare interpose,
But bow dejected to th' imperial scroll.
Such is the force of law. While conscious shame
Sits heavy on his brow, they view the wretch
To RHADAMANTH's august tribunal dragg'd.
Good RHADAMANTH ! to ev'ry wanton clown
Severe, indulgent to himself alone.



F I N I S.

